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THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

21st Year. No. 45.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1905.

THOMAS D. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



GOD SPEED OUR DEPARTING CHIEF SECRETARIES.

(See page 4.)

NOW AND AFTERWARD

Now the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart and painful strife,
Afterward the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now the training, hard and lowly,
Weary feet and aching brow;
Afterward the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou."

The Man at the Gate.

At the entrance of the road which leads to life eternal there is a little wicket gate, and the Porter who stands there to admit all who come to Him is none else than the Saviour Himself.

Let me tell you of a vision I saw of those who came to Him. It was a bright spring morning when first I looked towards the gate. The trees were covered with leaves of tenderest green, as yet unscorched by the sun. The birds were singing gaily; and violets, primroses, and other spring blossoms began to appear. I noticed a little pilgrim making his way to the gate, with eager haste. His golden hair shone in the sunlight, and the light of an earnest purpose was in his deep, blue eyes. As he neared the wicket he said to the watchman:

"Dear Lord, I am only a little child, but sin already stains my feet. They said You had sent word that the children were to come and enter into Your fold."

Instantly the gate was opened, and with a heavenly smile the Saviour bent to the pleading child and took him in. "I'm willing, with all my heart," said He. As he stood there, still clasping the child in his arms, His thorn-crowned head was bent over him in speechless love and tenderness, and it seemed to me that even the angels, in their songs above, might sigh to think of the sin which had dimmed the child's bright eyes with tears.

When I looked again it was afternoon, and it seemed to be the fall of the year. All was changed, the trees were robbed of their leaves and stood shivering and bare in the stormy wind which was hurrying wildly over sea and land. The Saviour was still standing at the wicket gate in heavenly patience, though His raiment seemed heavy and red with blood, and the crowd of thorns encircled his head. An old man, bent and frail, was slowly climbing the path which led to the gate, and as he passed I heard him say:

"O Thou who watchest beside the door, if I had come to Thee years ago Thou wouldst have received me; but now I come to lay myself down at Thy threshold to die. I have fought and finished an evil fight; I have earned the wages of sin, and though it seems hard to die outside to-night, no man is willing to take me in."

I saw that the sun was fast sinking and the shadows were heavy from hill and tree, but the watchman opened the gate of rest. "I'm willing, with all my heart," He said.

Over in the Golden City saints were singing the praises of the Crucified One. I besought Him to turn and rest awhile in the house of God. Surely He had done enough now, and need not watch through the whole night for those who might come to the gate. All my entreaties were useless. He loved His sheep too well to leave them, and so I decided that I also would watch this one night with Him, while the nations slept. The cold increased as night fell, and presently the snow began to fall. As the angels came softly down from their home above long years ago, to announce the Saviour's birth, so silently it spread its mantle. The night was not dark to me, for

He with whom I watched was Himself the light of the world. The true light shone around me.

At midnight we heard the voice of one who had made her way through blinding snow to the wicket gate, and knocked feebly, as one who was chilled and spent outright. I heard the shrill woman's voice as she sadly said:

"I wore the crown for His Divine brow, and pierced the hand that was outstretched to save. I dare not look toward Him lest I see the nail-prints, nor dare I pray Him to take me in."

But the watchman once more opened the gate of rest. "I'm willing," said He, "with all my heart."

The vision took hold of me, hence I go forth with a firmer trust in the power and willingness of my Lord to save the vilest, and as one has said, to receive even "the devil's cast-aways," for he that cometh unto Him will find in no wise cast out.

Let the sorrowful children of want and sin Draw near to the gate whence none depart; Let the nations arise and enter in, For the Lord "is willing with all His heart."

Note.—The above is a prose version of a very beautiful poem, with the same title, which I read some years ago. I trust that it may be of some blessing to others as it was to me.—E. Walsh, Cadet.

LIFE'S TRAGIC SIDE.

Incidents of English Slum Life.

"How your slum lasses can face so much misery and suffering, and yet keep bright and hopeful, is a continual mystery to me," said a lady lately.

It is truly a miracle—worked by the gift of God's daily grace. Love and hope are like air and sunshine—they carry healing everywhere. Here are some courage-testing cases which our lasses have just lately tackled:

Mrs. R.—has been bedridden for seventeen years, with gout. Three years ago her husband died very suddenly. He had been in the garden, apparently in his usual health, and coming in he sat beside her on the bed, and then, without a word, fell back dead.

For refusing to give strong drink to four people who demanded it, this woman's son was injured by a hat-pin being driven into his back, and then was so kicked by his tormentors that he soon died.

Those who attacked him were sentenced for manslaughter, and one of them has since died in prison. The poor mother has been supported by three daughters, but they are at present unable to get any work, so the slum lasses are relieving their immediate necessities.

Another very needy couple are eighty and seventy-five years old respectively. Both are converted and very happy, though their only support is by the old man's casual selling of note-paper. He left his wife the other morning with one penny to supply the day's needs, saying he believed God would send something for supper by the time he returned.—The Deliverer.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

There are Hannah's to-day. Some have made vows, and broken them. What have they gained? Others have made the offering, but grudgingly, and thus lie to whom they have given has not blessed it as otherwise He would have done. "I have given my life to God, and He does not use it to His glory. I do not have the joy of seeing souls saved as others I know, who have not renounced half as much as I," someone once said to me. I knew why. The offering of that life had been made grudgingly, with continual longings after the old life.

The gift must be laid upon the altar for time and eternity. Hannah offered Samuel for all the days of his life without any reserve, irrespective of all possible consequences, and the offering was acceptable in the sight of God.—Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg.

Japs Educating Russian Prisoners.

A remarkable account of the policy adopted by the Japanese Government in the treatment of Russian prisoners of war is given in the New York Sun, translated from a French paper, as contributed by a Japanese writer. If the picture thus drawn is not a romance it certainly contains a new surprise and a new example for Christian nations to follow. It is said that the Russian prisoners in Japan number about seventy thousand, located at various places throughout Japan. A complete census of the prisoners was first taken, the Russians, Poles, and Jews being separated. Then the illiterates, mostly Russians, were turned into classes, which were placed under teachers selected from the best educated among the prisoners, with Japanese supervisors. Those able to read and write their language fluently were organized for higher education, the Russian and Polish languages being those employed. The result is said to be successful beyond the expectation of the projectors of the idea. In a few months the illiterates were able to read and write with facility, and, with few exceptions, asked to be admitted to the higher classes. The zeal of the students was further stimulated by various indulgences, such as visits into the towns and greater freedom in quarters. Books and newspapers are furnished freely, and, with singular originality, plays are enacted in the prison camp, in which Japanese actors perform historical pieces in which the leading idea is patriotism. In this way the demoralization, which is too frequently the result of enforced idleness among prisoners of war, is prevented, and, as the Japanese writer describes it, Japan is contributing to the civilization of the Russian Empire. Among the Polish prisoners it is a standing joke that, in order to learn their own language, they had to go all the way to Japan. With ability to read and a generous supply of books and newspapers, a new world has been opened to the Russian prisoners. They see the world as they never saw it before, and, when they return to their homes, every one of them will be a centre of new thought to his countrymen.—Witness.

MARCONI'S SECRET.

The most delicate and exquisite secret in connection with Marconi's wonderful discovery is what he calls "the tuning of the receiver," to take the message as it floats across the waves of ether. The receiver has to be adjusted to exactly the same number of vibrations as the instrument yonder across the sea, that sends the message, otherwise it will not operate.

So there is a Divine and most perfect provision in the economy of grace, whereby the Holy Spirit adjusts our spirit into harmony with God, that we can catch His thoughts and send them back again, not merely as a human wish, but an echo of the Divine will.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

"I need oil," said an ancient monk. So he planted him an olive sapling.

"Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain, that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers." And the Lord sent a gentle shower.

"Now frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the monk. And, behold, the little trees stood sparkling with frost. But at evening it died. Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk, and told his strange experience.

"I, too, have planted a little tree," he said: "and see, it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to its God. He who made it knows better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no conditions. I fixed not ways or means. 'Lord, send it what it needs,' I prayed: 'storm and sunshine, wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made it, and Thou dost know.'"

Ensign J. A. McElheny

By Capt. T. McWilliam, Sussex.

Ensign J. A. McElheny has been transferred from Springhill corps district to the Temple, Toronto.



The good things or good works are generally told after he is dead, not see why it should be so. There are things in connection with Ensign J. A. McElheny's life and work in the Eastern corps that I would like to mention.

First, let me say that I am not without my "book," for I really there is not an officer in this Province who knows the Ensign as well as I do.

On "April Fool's Day," 1897, Ensign J. A. McElheny arrived in the town of Fairbairn to assist in the corps there. The very "flat" at the time. Two greeted them in their welcome, the new officers preached a good sermon to their audience. By house-to-house cottage meetings, open-air work, fully dealing with the inside crowd, started. God nightly came to them. Toward the fall the Captain (now Lieut. McElheny) in charge of Fairbairn Crowds began to fill the barracks, were getting saved.

On the 19th night of October 1st, corner, known as Barnhill's corner, minutes to eight. I heard the Ensign halted, listened to the open-air work, followed the march to the barracks, interested in the meeting (the first meeting I had ever been in), convicted of my sin, and as Capt. McElheny was singing, "You've carried you, you've carried it long," I suddenly thanked God, was converted that kind way in which the Captain was as a convert and recruit I shall get. On Jan. 8th, 1898, I was enlisted.

A letter he wrote me while at the barracks a few weeks made a lasting impression. While yet a convert, awaiting my Salvationist, I needed some courage me, and it seemed to comfort me.

Shortly after my return a command of No. III. corps in which I kept in touch with him. I had many words of cheer and blessing in a special meeting in his corps, led by (now Lieut.-Colonel) Pugmire, myself fully up to God for service.

A few months later and the McElheny Home for the Eastern Province over to Capt. McElheny at No. V. corps.

On August 24th I arrived at the Home, right from the hayfield green, I assure you, to use the one of the Cadets, "With half a

Ensign J. A. McElheney.

By Capt. T. McWilliam, Sussex, N.B.

Ensign J. A. McElheney has lately been transferred from Springhill corps and District to the Temple, Toronto.



The good things or good works of a man are generally told after he is dead, but I do not see why it should be so. There are a few things in connection with Ensign McElheney's life and work in the Eastern Province that I would like to mention.

First, let me say that I am not speaking without my "book," for I really feel that there is not an officer in this Province who knows the Ensign as well as I do.

On "April Fool's Day," 1897, Lieut. McElheney arrived in the town of Fairville, N.B., to assist in the corps there. The work was very "flat" at the time. Two boys only greeted them in their welcome meeting, but the new officers preached a good sermon to their audience. By house-to-house visitation, cottage meetings, open-air work, and faithfully dealing with the inside crowd a revival started. God mightily came to their help. Toward the fall the Captain farewelled and Lieut. McElheney donned the red braid, as Capt. McElheney in charge of Fairville corps. Crowds began to fill the barracks, and souls were getting saved.

On the 19th night of October I turned the corner, known as Beahill's corner, at two minutes to eight. I heard the Army drum, halted, listened to the open-air meeting, followed the march to the barracks, was much interested in the meeting (the third Army meeting I had ever been in), was deeply convicted of my sin, and as Capt. McElheney was singing, "You've carried your burden, you've earned it long," I surrendered, and, thank God, was converted that night. The kind way in which the Captain worked with me as a convert and recruit I shall never forget. On Jan. 8th, 1898, I was enrolled as a soldier.

A letter he wrote me while at my home for a few weeks made a lasting impression on me. While yet a convert, away from any other Salvationist, I needed someone to encourage me, and it seemed to come just at the right time.

Shortly after my return a change came, and Capt. McElheney was appointed to the command of No. III. corps in St. John. I still kept in touch with him, and received many words of cheer and blessing. It was in a special meeting in his corps, led by Brigadier (now Lieut.-Colonel) Fugmire, that I gave myself fully up to God for service as an officer.

A few months later and the Men's Training Home for the Eastern Province was handed over to Capt. McElheney at No. III., also the oversight of the No. V. corps.

On August 24th I arrived at the Training Home, right from the hayfields, and very green, I assure you, to use the expression of one of the Cadets, "With half a load of smelts

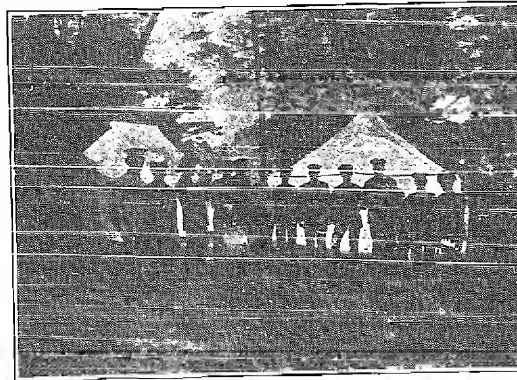
on my back." A lot of training was necessary, and Capt. McElheney spared no strength or time in giving me as good a start as possible. There was one great fact that I could not get away from, and that was that Capt. McElheney was a soul-winner. I have seen him pray, sing, and plead for one soul until one o'clock in the morning, and the victory came. I have seen souls come to the penitent form in his meetings while on our knees after singing the first song. He has gone out in the night and brought in the drunkard and cared for him; visited the sick both day and night. Souls were saved in the quarters as well as in the barracks.

On Christmas Day I remember, while naturally we would like to have things a bit easy, we put in a busy day for God, with four red-hot meetings, with scarcely time to eat between meetings. The day's fighting resulted in about ten souls. This is the kind of work that made its impression upon my life. I could not help but see that he was a man fully given up to God, and a soul-winner of the first water. With such whole-hearted companions as Capt. McElheney, Lieut. Kirk, Cadets Tatem and Urquhart, we had a good time at the Home.

The 17th of January came, and with it that special event which has proved a real success in the Ensign's career—his marriage to Capt. A. E. Newell. The following night there was held a wedding and farewell banquet. How I remember when the large crowd was satisfied with the good things prepared for them, Capt. McElheney ordered the tables cleared away, not that we might have an old-fashioned dance, but a red-hot salvation meeting. A good time we had indeed, with quite a few souls saved. This ended the Training Home day, and we parted.

New Glasgow, Dartmouth, St. John I., and Springhill corps followed for the Captain. In each corps mentioned God wonderfully blessed his labors, and without one exception a revival took place, finishing up his first term at Springhill with seventy-seven souls for holiness and salvation in sixteen days.

There came my appointment, with others, to assist Capt. McElheney in the Soul-Saving Troupe. We left Springhill about the 20th



The Cadets' Open-Air.

of January, 1901, and traveled until the following September, with but one or two days' rest. God did wonderfully pour out His Spirit upon the people, and in every place visited souls were saved, and with one or two exceptions revivals started.

While in the troupe with the Ensign (for he was promoted shortly after we started out) I learned some of the greatest lessons of my life. His kind, generous, yet firm way, his pleading and prayer for souls, and his holding on until the victory came, all made its impression upon my heart. Crowds flocked to the meetings in every place. On several occasions larger buildings had to be secured, and we were able to report on Sept. 18th 618 souls at the penitent form in eight months. Here we parted again.

May God help us to see the possibilities that are in store for sanctified flesh and blood.

We shall miss him very much from the Eastern Province, but our prayer is that God will help him to live as truly, work as hard, and fight as well in Toronto as he did in the East.

Montreal Officers.

A Prominent Citizen and Local Officer.

Sergt.-Major W. B. Colley, of Montreal I., who can, with pardonable pride, claim to be one of the old blood-and-fire brigade who did valiant service for Jesus and the Salvation Army in the Province of Quebec in the stormy days of violence, persecution, and social boycotting of all who favored the Army or its people, at the eventful time when its representatives were seeking to gain foothold and storm the entrenchments of sin in the name of their Captain and leader, Christ Jesus.

Sergt.-Major Colley was converted under S. A. influences in the City of Quebec, on the 24th of January, 1887, and has been a faithful, devoted soldier ever since. Leaving Quebec for Montreal to engage in business, he joined with the Montreal Salvationists, and has served in various local official positions, in connection with Montreal I., being bandsman, Secretary of corps, Treasurer, and Sergeant-Major—the position which he at present holds in No. I.

He has had to meet opposition from many on account of his adherence to the old flag, but thanks to his faith in God, and a naturally strong will, he has surmounted all difficulties and God has blessed his faithfulness, and today he holds the important and responsible position of Manager of a leading Insurance Association, and is universally respected by his business and social acquaintances.

Sergt.-Major Colley delights in attending at the open-air meetings, dressed in full Salvationist uniform, and his readiness to uplift men and women who come to Him asking pardon for the past, has been the means of attracting nearly six hundred souls to cast themselves at the Saviour's feet.

He is looking forward with keen delight to the year 1908, when he hopes to celebrate his 21st anniversary as a Salvation Army soldier.

His home circle is also under the Salvation banner, his wife and sisters being soldiers and local officers.

One of his sisters had the honor of being arrested for the Master's sake while taking part in an open-air meeting, a few years ago, on Victoria Square, Montreal, the police at that time being opposed to the Army; but, thanks to

the energy of the Sergeant-Major and other friends, the right of freedom of speech was maintained in the courts, and the Army is free from such annoyances at the present date.

TESTIMONY OF A CHINAMAN To the Spread of Christianity.

It is reported that a Chinaman said, after the massacre of the missionaries in China a short time ago, "It is no use trying to stop God's truth. We killed your missionaries, but now there are double the number in their places. We pulled down and burnt your churches, but, lo and behold, we see new buildings, more beautiful, larger and stronger, erected in their places, and the work progressing. We had better leave them alone."

COLONEL JACOBS

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By Lieut. Colonel Gaskin.

An out-and-out Salvationist is Colonel Jacobs, thorough to the back-bone! A man who, having well weighed and considered his path in life, adheres unswervingly to his conception of right and duty at all costs.

In these days of shallow, fickle and ever-changing-for-a-new-fad tendency, it is refreshing to come in contact with a man of sound conviction, clear judgment, who, with good knowledge of pros and cons, does not budge an iota from rectitude, but stands like a wall of righteousness, with a beacon of godliness on the top.

"An oak of the Lord's planting," Isaiah would have called him, had he been a personal acquaintance.

Yet do not mistake me. The Colonel is by no means one of the Puritan stamp, devoid of humor, who holds up his hands in holy horror, and dare not indulge or evoke a smile. Not at all! He thoroughly enjoys life because he is thorough. His gaily, consistent practise only enhances the real charm of living, and his spirits are not morbid or dull.

On the contrary, he is the inspiration of energy and healthy activity, into whatever channels he directs his powers.

An inveterate worker. The question with him is not how few hours per diem he need toil, but how much work he can press into life's opportunities.

This partly accounts for the spirit of life he is able to infuse into every task he undertakes. It must be made to go, to succeed, to come to an ultimate and victorious finish—no half-measure or midway compromise of success will satisfy him. The probability is that he looked long and well from all points of view, grasped its possibilities, carried through, and wound up with a fair measure of satisfaction.

Again, the Colonel is one of those men whose eyes are open to perceive the weak spots or failures of an undertaking, and to benefit by them in view of future work.

All men do not learn by their failures—many repeat the same blunder, and fall under the same mistake again and again. Not so the Colonel. He is wary and humble enough to eschew former halting places and learn by the errors of others.

His knowledge of human nature is good. He believes in the study of humanity, and moreover does not go away everything he learns.

He is a man who can hold his own counsel, and, therefore, be trusted with other people's confidences also.

As a public speaker the Colonel mostly adopts an argumentative style, always interesting and instructive, frequently humorous, moving his audience alternately to smiles and tears. Most logically and forcibly will he lead his hearers into profound depths of theology, not to leave them there entangled with confused, unravelled ideas, but to elucidate the whole matter, and unshelling the nut, place the kernel within reach of his hearers, ever working to bring about immediate decision.

On Old Testament subjects he is an adept, better, perhaps, than on New; nor does he believe in laying down the reins when the prayer meeting starts. He fights to a finish, and fairly revels in red-hot, soul-saving effort.

His labors have been owned of God very largely along this line throughout his Canadian command.

As a business man, the Colonel has distinctly fine ability. With the same logical, practical long-sightedness already referred to as pertaining to the religious side of Salvation Army warfare, he deals with matters affecting property, finance, etc. with sound common sense and enlightenment. That the Territory has greatly profited during the past nine years as a result of the Chief Secretary's

executive and administrative work scarcely needs saying.

His effective abilities as an organizer of the forces at his command being already well known throughout the entire Territory, but more particularly by those who have been privileged to be intimately associated with him, are these qualities appreciated.

The Colonel thinks deeply, and does not express his opinions unsought for; in fact, he is reserved and not easy to draw.

Such, in our humble opinion, is our late Chief Secretary. That he will succeed in his new role, we have no shadow of doubt. Our beloved General is a shrewd reader of human nature and character, and the fact that he has selected Colonel Jacobs for a new and difficult enterprise speaks for itself.

MRS. COLONEL JACOBS.

As to the Colonel's nationality opinions may differ, but there has never been room for an iota of doubt as to Mrs. Colonel Jacobs' native land.

Bennie Scotch brogue still lingers unmistakably on her lips, even though sixteen years' life and labor in Canada lay between her last domicile and here.

Mrs. Jacobs is one of those little women whom to know is to love.

There is something so infectious about her vivacity, and simple, frank, open-heartedness that you cannot be a stranger long in her company.

She takes you into confidence. She draws out your opinions, and manifests so lively personal interest in your welfare that you find you have a friend who, maybe, you did not reckon on before.

There is nothing "put on" about her—it is just the simple, natural, artless way of a woman's soul, who knows and understands life, and lives to help her comrades, believing life's mission comprehends a wider sphere than the limit of one's family.

When a P. O.'s wife, her officers found they had a warm, motherly heart at the Provincial Centre, who loved them and desired to bless and cheer whenever possible.

In the wider capacity of Chief Secretary's partner, she has been, perhaps, farther removed from the field, and yet has never lost that beautiful spirit of lowly willingness to assist or undertake any work, either for the leading Commissioner of the Territory or for the officers of the corps in which she voluntarily threw her energies.

With naive alacrity, simplicity, whole-hearted fervor and enthusiasm, Mrs. Jacobs

has proved herself a valuable worker, whether it be on behalf of poor children's Christmas dinners, Harvest Festival celebrations, or the great annual missionary enterprise for which the now well-known name of "Self-Denial Week" stands, or any other incidental effort connected with local work.

Yet in all this Mrs. Colonel Jacobs has never suffered her own family to go short of a mother's careful supervision and home training.

Her seven dear children, five of whom are Canadian born, are a credit to her in this particular. Four of them are (or have been) Corps-Cadets, only desiring to take up for their life-work the same arduous strenuous love-toil which they have seen dominates the lives of both their honored parents.

Surely this fact speaks volumes. The younger members of the family will doubtless follow in their turn.

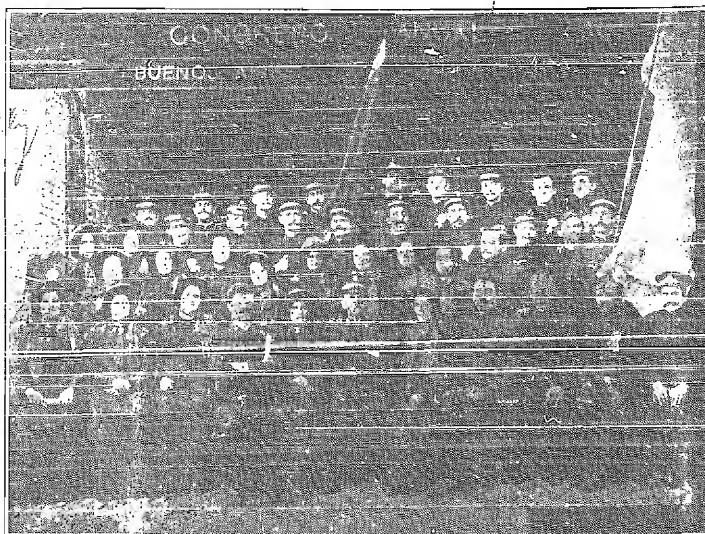
May their mother and father's mantles fall upon them, and may they produce such hardy, vigorous enthusiastic Salvationists as both the Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs have proved themselves to be.

Pars About People.

Adj. McAlonan, of India, brother of Commissioner McAlonan, of Switzerland, was recently promoted to Glory, three months after his marriage. The military authorities made the coffin, which was draped with the Army colors, and his jersey, cap, and Bible were laid on the top, besides a number of wreaths and crosses of beautiful flowers, and the day subsequent to his death his remains were followed to their last resting-place. The commanding officer of the battery very kindly lent a gun carriage, drawn by six horses, and a corporal on horseback in charge.

One of the most striking personalities present at the General's meeting in Sydney, N.S.W., was Archbishop Smith, of New South Wales. This is probably the first time the Archbishop—who is practically Primate of Australia—has been present at a Salvation Army meeting in his life.

Brigadier Frank Smith, who is on special service in South America, is conducting a series of enquiries respecting the prospects of emigration schemes being workable in the Republics there. He has been received most enthusiastically by many public men, who regard his plans with evident satisfaction.



Officers at the Annual Congress at Buenos Aires, with Brigadier Frank Smith and Brigadier Mrs. Maidment.

SOUTH AMERICA

Brigadier Frank Smith's A Land of Revolu

Brigadier Frank Smith's account of his recent experience in South America. These are thrilling and give some idea of life in the continent. When about to start on his journey to Chili, he found he was up against a snowstorm had blocked the mountain passes. But report, the Brigadier would train which, he heard the train wrecked by a fall of rock, being killed or injured.

In Buenos Aires, on a Sunday, Brigadier Smith was on his way to the Post Office, when suddenly he found himself under fire.

The Argentine Republic, "state of siege," and the under certain restrictive regulations which was the prohibition of public meetings, although the Army had their open-air meetings.

On the Sunday when the Brigadier was on his way to the Post Office, he announced a demonstration at the Plaza, the Brigadier's procession entering the Plaza, and the demonstration was to be held.

Within two minutes, when the Brigadier was on his way to the Post Office, he was changed into a fighting crowd, pursued by mounted police, and he was forced to use his sword and pistol in the fashion.

It was like a battlefield. The children were trampled under the feet of the soldiers, and bullets were flying all over the place. The result was that there was a large number of wounded, amongst them five years of age.

The Buenos Aires corps of the same place half an hour after the Brigadier's arrival. Their open-air, but fortunately, they took place they had returned.

At the time of writing, the Brigadier was leaving for Montevideo to interview the President of the Republic in regard to emigration.

NORWEGIAN COMMISSIONER

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, of South America.

(By Cable)

Norway's Seventeenth Army is in full swing. The enthusiasm of the public interest in the Army's progress was never so high as now. The blood-and-fire flag flies.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, on his return from the Congress, received a warm welcome. Officers and soldiers are full of vigor, and eager for taking part in the great opportunities of the great opportunities.

A monster march stirred up by an open-air demonstration drill-ground, which was attended by thousands.

These listened breathlessly to the salvation message, and in the end reached when four souls were saved and cried for more.

The inside congregation numbered thousands. All references to the Chief of the Staff were bursts of affection and enthusiasm.

The Commissioner's presence produced deep conviction and most impressive impressions. Tears and triumph were seen on the faces of the people.

The total for the week was 133.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Brigadier Frank Smith's Adventures in the Land of Revolutions.

Brigadier Frank Smith sends an interesting account of his recent experiences in South America. These are thrilling, to say the least, and give some idea of life in South America.

When about to start on the long journey to Chili, he found he was unable to proceed, as a snowstorm had blocked the line through the mountain passes. But for receiving this report, the Brigadier would have boarded a train which, he heard the next day, was wrecked by a fall of rock, many passengers being killed or injured.

In Buenos Aires, on a Sunday afternoon, Brigadier Smith was on his way to the Central Post Office, when suddenly he found himself under fire.

The Argentine Republic had been in a "state of siege," and the cities had been under certain restrictive regulations, one of which was the prohibition of outdoor assembly, although the Army had permission for their open-air meetings.

On the Sunday when this state of things should end, the working men of Buenos Aires announced a demonstration. On his way to the Post Office, the Brigadier met the procession entering the Plaza, where the demonstration was to be held.

Within two minutes, what had appeared to be an ordinary "Hyde Park" demonstration was changed into a fighting and struggling crowd, pursued by mounted policemen, who used sword and pistol in the most vigorous fashion.

It was like a battlefield. Men, women, and children were trampled underfoot, and the bullets were flying all over the Square, with the result that there was a long list of killed and wounded, amongst them being children five years of age.

The Buenos Aires corps had assembled on the same place half an hour previously, for their open-air, but fortunately when the shooting took place they had returned to the hall.

At the time of writing, Brigadier Smith was leaving for Montevideo, in order to interview the President of the Republic and Deputies in regard to emigration.

NORWEGIAN CONGRESS.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker Leading—133 Souls.

(By Cable.)

Christiania.

Norway's Seventeenth Annual Congress is in full swing. The enthusiasm is at boiling-point, while public interest in the Salvation Army's progress was never so keen. In short, the blood-and-fire flag flies high!

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who is leading the Congress, received a rousing welcome. Officers and soldiers are full of faith and vigor, and eager for taking every advantage of the great opportunities before them.

A monster march stirred the city, followed by an open-air demonstration on the military drill-ground, which was attended by thousands.

These listened breathlessly to a red-hot salvation message, and high-water mark was reached when four souls passed through the throng and cried for mercy.

The inside congregations numbered eight thousand. All references to the General and the Chief of the Staff were received with outbursts of affection and enthusiasm.

The Commissioner's powerful addresses produced deep conviction, and in the registration-room most impressive scenes were witnessed. Tears and triumphs!

The total for the week-end amounted to 133.

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER CONDUCTS SWEDISH CONGRESS.

Commissioners Heiberg and Ouchterloney Also Present—Eighty-Two Souls for the Week-End.

(By Cable.)

Swedish Congress conducted by Commissioner Booth-Tucker triumphant success. splendid spirit of unity and love manifested by all comrades from north, south, east, and west. Great crowds. Sixteen crowded steamers carried multitudes to camp. Charming weather. Commissioners Heiberg and Ouchterloney heartily received. Immense crowds witnessed march past. Impassioned sight. Eighty-two souls for week-end.—Commissioner Ouchterloney.

UNITED STATES.

Noble Musician Enrolled as a Salvation Soldier.

Professor Milo Deyo, one of the most striking musical personalities in the United States to-day, has signed the Articles of War at New York National Headquarters.

The Professor, whose musical education was of the best, including seven years under prominent teachers of the Paris Conservatoire, early cut himself adrift from the usual conventions of the musical world, and successfully followed the original bent of his own mind.

He has traveled extensively, having crossed the Atlantic eight times, besides visiting South Africa. It was on his way from Cape Town to London that the Professor fell in with a Salvation Army Staff Officer, who deeply interested him by the account he gave of our work among prisoners and ex-convicts. This forged the first link in the chain of circumstances leading up to the Professor's decision to throw in his lot with the Army.

SCOTCH PROGRESS.

The magistrates and council of the City of Edinburgh have just voted a subscription to the Salvation Army Social Work in that city. In Scotland there are now four cities subscribing to our social funds—Aberdeen, Glasgow, Dundee, and Edinburgh. Where are the English cities?



Indian from the Nabique River.

SOUTH AFRICA.

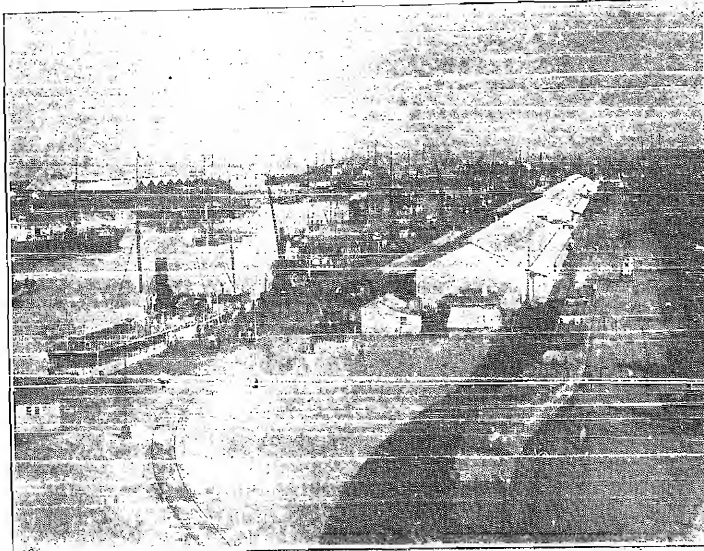
Army Properties Damaged by Storm.

It is with deep regret we learn of the severe loss sustained by our South African comrades through a terrible storm which has visited certain parts of the colony.

The Durban Social Farm, in particular, has suffered very severely. The weather had been threatening for days, and when, on Wednesday afternoon, the storm broke, it became so fierce that neither man nor beast could remain out of doors. In the morning a spectacle of devastation and wreckage met the eye; the labor of months was destroyed, gardens and machinery having been swept away.

We are glad to hear that the Durban Relief Committee has decided to open a separate subscription list on behalf of the Farm, to which the extent of the damage is put down at fully £1,500. This appeal to the public is made on the ground of the excellent work which this institution is doing.

Several other properties have suffered, our Durban I.L. hall being lifted off its brick piers, while the Kilbey settlement and the Greyville Rescue Home underwent extensive injuries.



A View of a Portion of the Buenos Aires Docks. In front of these steamers is also a favorite open-air stand of the Army's.

worker, whether children's Christmas celebrations, or the terprize for which of "Self-Denial" incidental effort

Colonel Jacobs has ally to go short of vision and home

five of whom are lit to her in this re (or have been) g to take up for trduous strenuous een dominates the l parents.

volumes. The nity will doubtless

ther's mantles fall reduce such hardy, vationists as both cobs have proved

People.

a, brother of Com- witzerland, was re- three months after y authorities made ed with the Army and Bible were laid per of wreaths and s, and the day sub- stans were followed

The commanding kindly lent a gar- ses, and a corporal

aking personalities meeting in Sydney, Smith, of New South the first time the tically Primate of ent at a Salvation

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public men, who

lent satisfaction.



Brigadier and Mrs. Mapp.

YOUNG PEOPLES PAGE

A Great Canadian Cave.

As Canada is being explored and new discoveries made, it is evident that we possess all kinds of natural wonders. We have great mountains and great glaciers; mighty waterfalls in Niagara, Eka-beka, and Taklakaw, and great lakes and rivers.

It would now seem, if reports are true, that there are wonderful caves in the mountains of British Columbia. Word comes from Revelstoke, that beautiful mountain region of the West, that an immense cavern has been discovered within a short distance of that town. The find was made during the summer of 1904, by a resident of the place, Mr. Charles Deutschman, a well-known hunter and tourist guide, who was prospecting for coal or gold.

It is remarkable that this find was not made years ago, as the charming park-like valley in which the cave is situated has been visited by many explorers. No less than four entrances have been found by Mr. Deutschman, through three of which he has entered on his successive tours of exploration.

On his first entrance, he speedily realized that he had made a great find, possibly of the largest cave structure on the continent. It is measurements are even approximately correct.

He estimates the vast underground room to be two miles long, a width of half a mile, with a staggering depth, in spots, of hundreds of feet. He found tiers of ledges along the walls, by means of which he was enabled to descend, lantern in hand, several hundred feet from the roof.

A weird and impressive journey it must have been through the great hollow solitude by the first white man, no doubt, to view its wonders.

And wonders it contains, judging by Mr. Deutschman's description. The ceiling and walls are studded with millions of beautifully shaped iron pyrites, crystals that sparkle as they catch the light. Colored stalactites also abound, ranging from colorless, pink, red, and brown, to purple, which hang from the top and slides in clusters resembling icicles. Beautiful colored columns, six inches in diameter, reach from floor to ceiling. One of the great chambers in the Mammoth Cave system of Kentucky has a similarly adorned roof, and the glitter of the crystals, as they reflect the light, makes it look as if the milky way was within view. Hence it is called the Star Chamber.

Mr. Deutschman says the formation of the Revelstoke Cave is in a blue limestone rock, which gives a unique and beautiful tint to its walls. The cave has no doubt been chiseled out by water action during the long ages, for a roaring stream was distinctly heard in the abysmal depths of the eerie spot.

There are evidences that this cave had been inhabited by Indians of an ancient race. Old stone weapons, tools, and bones are lying around in odd corners, but they are far from being plentiful. In one of the recesses explored were found the mummified bodies of two human beings, now resembling dried leather. The outlines of the forms are plainly

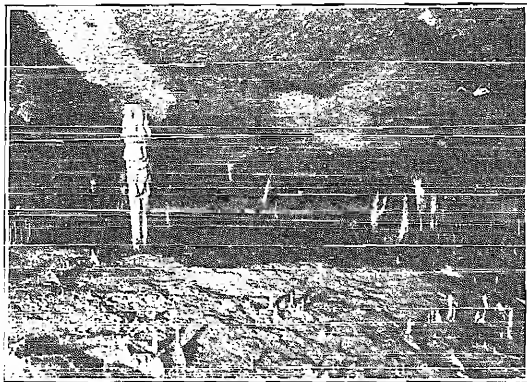
discernible, though apparently shrunken to half their life size.

The lucky finder of the spot is making arrangements to explore more thoroughly and systematically this first great Canadian cave thus far discovered, with a view to making a sight of its hitherto hidden wonders accessible to the tourist and traveler.—Frank Yeigh, in East and West.

VIKING COURAGE.

(From the London Express.)

Whether on the high field or below the roaring fess, or in the wild fishing life which is common to the Norwegians along 2,000 miles of rock-bound coast, you cannot fail to mark the extraordinary coolness of the Norwegian in the moment of peril. His marvelous indifference to exposure, toil and physical pain. He is the strong man. Born of a hardy race, bred in air so keen and pure, he is physically powerful both by inheritance and habit; what the chance visitor might mistake for stolidity, experience shows is unflinching patience and unquenchable perseverance. A liberal education in the heroic legends of his forefathers from before the memory of man has endowed him with a soul to endeavor, and deep down in his soul, quite ineradicable, you will find a

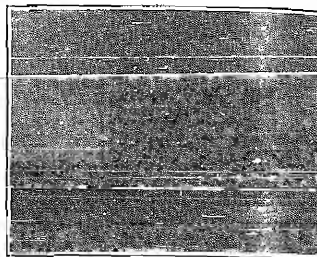


A Stalactite Chamber in the Mammoth Cave.

whole love for his country and a whole faith in her future.

DO CHINESE BOYS DESIRE AN EDUCATION?

I have a boy who runs errands and helps about the house for his board, and attends one of the "Special Gift" Schools. The other day he came to me and asked if I would excuse him to go home and get his little brother, who was eight years old, and let him come to the same school to study. I gave him permission, and one morning after he had done up his work he came to my office and asked if he could now go. I told him he could, and he started off in the rain, a distance of fifteen miles. It rained nearly all day, and the next, I was surprised at supper time when he brought in my victuals, followed by his little brother, who came to greet me. I asked the little fellow if he were not tired, having walked



Style of Cart Employed in the Southern Province of Argentina for Conveying Produce to the Market.

so far, and he said, "No, not tired." Then the older brother said he had carried him a good part of the way.

Now, here is a Chinese boy, working his own way through school, who walked thirty miles in the rain and mud, and carried a little brother about ten miles, so a Christian education could be acquired. Are not such boys worth saving? Every night when I am at home and not too busy, he comes to my room and asks me to help him in his lessons. If China does not come to the front during this century I will miss my prophecy.

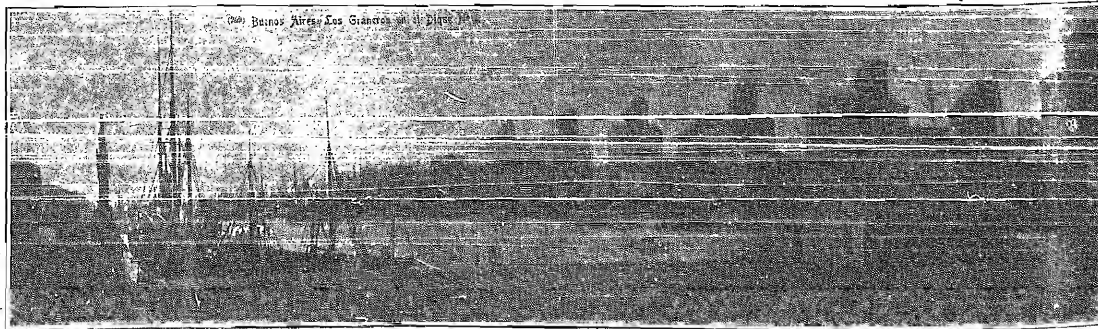
RELIGION OF JAPAN.

Rev. C. H. Patton, D.D., Home Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, is asking five experts to furnish him with statements with reference to the present world outlook. Dr. J. O. Davis, of Kyoto, in replying from Japan, says that the nation is on the verge of choosing between Christianity and nothing, the old religions having become effete—Buddhism is pronounced moribund by prominent Buddhists and has lost its power over young Japan; Shinto is dis-established and officially declared not to be a religion; the Confucian ethics are found to be effete, and great educational leaders are declaring that a new basis of morality must be found and taught. After quoting from recent utterances of such men as Marquise Ito, Baron Mochimaru, a former member of the Cabinet, and Inouye Enryu, all of whom agree that Japan must have a positive religion to replace what she has lost, and that the religion of Christ is most full of promise for the nation, Dr. Davis concludes:

"As Japan goes, so will Eastern Asia. The Japanese church is to be a powerful factor in the civilization and the Christianization of Korea and China. . . . The only discouraging thing about the situation is that the workers and the resources are inadequate. The work is being crippled when it should be doubled. . . . In helping and saving Japan now, we are helping and saving not only the fifty millions of one empire, but the five hundred millions of the three empires of Eastern Asia."—Witness.

A POSTAL CARD RACE.

With a view to testing the time required by a post card to go round the world, and to ascertain also the route which the card should take to accomplish its journey in the least possible number of hours, an interesting experiment in the form of a competition is being made in Paris. At three o'clock one afternoon, at the Central Post Office, and in the presence of a number of witnesses, 470 post cards sent by an equal number of competitors, who had beforehand secured the services of correspondents in America and the Far East, were handed in after examination, by and on the certificate of a sheriff's officer. Some will go by the Havre route, others by Marseilles, by Cherbourg, by Southampton. After a few brief resting places, necessitated by the time taken by the correspondents in the United States or in Asia to report them, the post cards will return to Paris, when the sender of the one that arrives first will receive a prize of money.



The Granerics at Dock No. 2, Buenos Aires.

Sanctification of

"I was for some time in need of purity, and with tears, and entreating nothing too much, much to do or suffer, this pearl of great price, nor knew the reason, showed me I had erred. I did not seek it, it were, by the works."

"Being now convinced that the blessing I sought had been tarried a little, but I was of faith. When in Liverpool, whither I temporary affairs prevented me from traveling, I was sitting on this chair"—which he said—"with various meditations concerning future prospects, my heart was up to God, but not blessing—heaven came to my soul. The Lord came suddenly to me, and I had an immediate blessing. The blessing I had sought. My soul was saved and praise."

"It is now about ten years ago that I have walked in glory to God! I have power. By faith I stand. In other instances, I have been a liar; he suggested after I had received the word, not hold it long—it was tainted—and that I had been deceived."

"I walked fifteen miles where I had an opportunity at every step I trod, moved, and my soul glory and with God. I have done so on every that time, believing it upon me. For God do to His children to be bosoms, but to be my fear Him and desire same privileges. I think not be retained, without opportunity; for this with the mouth making tion."

Candidat

By Staff-

The least likely a would have been you probably.

Of a poor family, Besides which it could father's household w less zealous, for God!

They were desperate God were mightily o entirely the fault of lessness, and disobed little they had allowe an infectious idolatry then nations around them. Their children the mixed alliances pi little for true worshi sanctity were dimini not till the gall of th to eat into the vitals people remembered sulted God, and tur His mercy.

He reminded the His unfaithful faithf deliverances, and the round for

A Man H and the angel thus forth to call and con con,

Sanctification of William Bramwell

"I was for some time deeply convinced of my need of purity, and sought it carefully with tears, and entreaties, and sacrifice; thinking nothing too much to give up, nothing too much to do or suffer—if I might but attain this pearl of great price. Yet I found it not; nor knew the reason why, till the Lord showed me I had erred in the way of seeking it. I did not seek it by faith alone, but, as it were, by the works of the law.

"Being now convinced of my error, I sought the blessing by faith only. Still it tarried a little, but I waited for it in the way of faith. When in the house of a friend at Liverpool, whither I had gone to settle some temporary affairs previously to my going out to travel, I was sitting," said he, "as it might be on this chair"—pointing to the chair on which he sat—"with my mind engaged in various meditations concerning my affairs and future prospects, my heart now and then lifted up to God, but not particularly about this blessing—heaven came down to earth; it came to my soul. The Lord for whom I had waited, came suddenly to the temple of my heart; and I had an immediate evidence that this was the blessing I had for some time been seeking. My soul was then all wonder, love, and praise.

"It is now about twenty-six years ago. "I have walked in this liberty ever since. Glory be to God! I have been kept by His power. By faith I stand. In this, as in all other instances, I have proved the devil to be a liar; he suggested to me a few minutes after I had received the blessing, that I should not hold it long—it was too great to be retained—and that I had better not profess it.

"I walked fifteen miles that night to a place where I had an opportunity to preach; and, at every step I took, the temptation was removed, and my soul was again filled with glory and with God. I then declared to the people what God had done for my soul; and I have done so on every proper occasion since that time, believing it to be a duty incumbent upon me. For God does not impart blessings to His children to be concealed in their own bosoms, but to be made known to all who fear Him and desire the enjoyment of the same privileges. I think such a blessing cannot be retained, without professing it at every fit opportunity; for thus we glorify God, and with the mouth make confession unto salvation."

Candidate Gideon.

By Staff-Capt. Simeo.

The least likely man for a great work, would have been your verdict against him, probably.

Of a poor family, and he the youngest! Besides which it could not be said that his father's household was entirely loyal, much less zealous, for God's honor.

They were desperate times, the people of God were mightily oppressed. True, it was entirely the fault of their own former faithlessness, and disobedience to God. Little by little they had allowed the encroachments of an infectious idolatry, practised by the heathen nations around, to ensnare and allure them. Their children had intermarried, and the mixed alliances produced a race who cared little for true worship, whilst reverence and sanctity were diminishing daily. But it was not till the gall of their bondage really began to eat into the vitals of everyday life that the people remembered their long-suffering, insulted God, and turned piteously to implore His mercy.

He reminded them of their sin, and of His unfailing faithfulness in sending past deliverances, and then His big heart looked round for

A Man He Could Trust,

and the angel thus God-directed was sent forth to call and commission Candidate Gideon.

A farmer's son, actually found in the act of threshing wheat, which he surreptitiously designed to hide from Midianite plunder.

The angel's greeting rather startled him, arousing some amount of combative argument.

"The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor."

"It doesn't seem like it," was Gideon's prompt reply. "If He is with us, why is all this evil befalling us? Where are all His miracles our fathers told us of? No; you must be mistaken! The Lord has forsaken us, and left us to the relentless slavery of cruel Midianites!"

Mark you, Candidate Gideon fairly scorned any individual or personal application of the angel's greeting. To him it was a patriotic question and he the unit, only concerned along with his nation. But the heavenly messenger did not enter into argument with him—does not appear even to have noticed the tone of bitter unbelief or the insidious suggestion of Gideon's foregone sceptical conclusion.

He simply renews the personal element in his message.

"Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel. . . . Have not I sent thee?"

Now it dawns upon him, and his utter helplessness, inability, and unsuitability are almost overwhelming.

"I save Israel? . . . the least of a poor man's large family? How could that be?"

But with that gentle insistence which many know full well from personal experience, Gideon's Lord said unto him:

"Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man."

The Candidate is thoroughly aroused, arrested, convicted. But he wants to make sure it is really God's will for him, and the unexpected call is no fancy of imagination or speculative delusion.

He is already more than half willing, because so well has he felt the dire need of a God-raised leader, and so keenly has the enemy's oppression pinched both him and his family.

There are other Gideons to-day to whom the call has as surely resounded.

God is still looking for young men and women He can trust, to lead forth His warriors in the search for lost souls.

No greater honor could He confer on you. No higher or more important life-position need you aspire to.

Don't waste time with "ifs" and "buts." Decide it quickly, and let your decision be the answer of an obedient soul.

The General's Speech at Aramoho, New Zealand.

The crowd at Aramoho—the junction for Wanganui, two miles away—was very dense; it seemed as though half the people in the latter town had come down to see the General. The Mayor and Councillors attended officially. The train stopped for fifteen minutes, every one of which was utilized to the best advantage. A slight diversion was caused by Colonel Lawley singing a solo—an old favorite—

"I've heard of a Saviour."

The Mayor was very brief. He said that the General needed no introduction from him, being known the world over. He further regretted that they could not have him for a night in Wanganui, in order that they might show their appreciation of his great and good work. The General replied in the following terms:

"It is thirty-nine years since I took my stand in the eastern part of that great London, knowing nothing as to who would lend me a hand or give me a shilling; but I looked round on the mass of misery, vice, and crime in every direction—the callous stream of people who had never had the name of God upon their lips except in blasphemy. When I

looked on these people in their misery, my heart yearned for them. I believed that the salvation that had come to my heart, and made such a change in my life, if I went to them, would do something to relieve them from their misery. I set to work to do the best I could, trusting in Jehovah to find men and means. What remarkable things have been done since that day! The blessed movement has gone now through the whole world. Our flag is flying in forty-nine different countries and colonies. The last I heard was that it was very likely to be unfurled in the Holy Land—the sacred city of Jerusalem, that I went to look at and preached in as I came along. Yes, I stood upon that Mount Calvary where our Saviour died. Since then, the longing within me has been greater than ever to spread the news of the salvation He bought with His blood. The Salvation Army is a remarkable movement. It is for the help of men and women who are down in the gulf. Poor fellows, poor women, poor children! When I speak of them I know some of my friends say, 'Serve them right, haven't they brought it on themselves?' But I say the man is

More to be Pitied

who has brought it on himself than the man who has been overtaken by misfortune. He has more fear for the future. However low a man or woman may have fallen, my doctrine is: If they want to get up again, let us give them a hand, and help them to happiness. By the grace of God, tens of thousands—aye, hundreds of thousands—of almost all nationalities and colors in the world are rejoicing in the happiness of this life, and the prospect of happiness in the next. What are you doing for your fellows? What are you doing for yourself? Oh, my friends, my friends! They have rung the train bell, and I must be away, I cannot stop to tell you what you ought to do, but I tell you, get right—get right with yourself, get right with God, right in your dealings with those about you—and then shall your life be happy and blessed, and you will have eternal triumphs, when the storm is over and the clouds have rolled away, and I shall have the privilege of meeting you in the better and holier land. I sometimes tell people that New Zealand is a lovely country, but I know a better. It is heaven—and I am going there. Come and meet me on the other side of the river, in that blessed and glorious land."

Turning to the Mayor (Mr. Bignell), General Booth said: "I thank your Worship. I believe this is the beginning of your Mayoralty. Well, you have begun well in looking after me. I truly hope you will go on patronizing good men and good deeds, and do the same yourself. I give the Borough Councillors the same advice. Councillors are not always perfect, though perhaps they are here. May the Councillors be prosperous, and good, and happy. Let us all join hands and hearts to put this poor world in purer and better condition. May the blessing of God be with you and your children, with your neighbors, with the citizens of New Zealand, and the wide world over. God bless you."

Then the train pulled out of the station, and the passengers and populace joined in singing:

"God be with you till we meet again."



Brigadier Smith, hoisting the Army Flag on the New Sailor's Home at the Port of "Ingeniero White," Bahia Blanca, Argentina.

THE WAR CRY.

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Editorial.

The Fortieth Anniversary. Our comrades in Britain have just celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the historic event which marked the birth of the world-wide Salvation Army. Although oft repeated, the story has lost none of its romance. How our beloved General's heart was moved at the sight of the teeming millions of godless people, eager only for earthly gain, who never darkened the doors of a place of worship (save for a wedding or funeral); how alone he stood on the Mile-End Waste and proclaimed the glorious Gospel of full salvation to the veriest riff-raff London produces, having turned his back upon popularity, a settled income, and a courted ministry; how he went home to Mrs. Booth enthusiastically and said:

"Darling, I have found my destiny. I see now what I was born for, what I have been praying for, what all my wandering about the world has been intended to fit me for; I have given myself to it—and I have given you to it, darling, and all we have and are."

Reckless Consecration. The spirit of that absolute abandon to his life-work has only gained in intensity as our precious leader has gone on steadily throughout these forty years. It has gained also in quantity, for such a spirit is contagious in the highest degree. Men and women have caught the fire, the fervor, the zeal, the love, the passion, the fever (if you so choose to name it) and have followed the General's lead, have gone forth gladly, delightedly to pursue the same destiny, and to reach a like goal.

In 49 Countries. So to-day the Army After 40 Years, chariot rolls along victoriously in forty-nine countries, while others are on the eve of its entry, and hundreds of thousands of precious souls thank God for its saving instrumentality; and this is an outcome of one man's reckless consecration.

Yet in the face of such unanswerable facts young men to-day dare to stand halting, fearing, and quibbling about the consequences when called upon to surrender their lives and talents to the same glorious life-mission.

Away with every secondary consideration! Let first things be first. Jump at your privileges, man! Enter the door of your opportunity, and dare to "seek first the Kingdom of God."

A PLEASING PROMOTION.

During the officers' councils conducted by the General at Melbourne a number of Staff promotions provoked great interest. Most prominent on the list was that of Lieut. Colonel Kyle to be Colonel. The General said a lot of nice things about our future Chief Secretary, but we are not yet in a position to divulge them all.

MY FIRST ALTAR.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, will reward thee openly."

WHEN I first gave myself to God, an unutterable feeling of my deep need of Divine help took possession of me. I had heard others say that inspiration, help, and blessing came to those who sought the Lord in prayer.

Accordingly, I made up my mind that I would make a constant habit of talking with Him, and for this purpose selected a particular room under my mother's roof, where at a favorite chair I used to kneel every noon hour to pray.

That spot became sacred and hallowed indeed to my soul.

How mightily God spoke to me there. How clearly and unmistakably He made His voice known to me. How He strengthened my hands for warfare. How He encouraged me in the face of difficulties.

Right there I heard His call for service. There also did He put His gracious seal upon me, as I placed my all in His care, and severed every tie as I stepped out in life obedient to Him, my Lord and Master.

It meant a great deal. Many steps leading up to the final step had to be taken. But there He gave me power and courage not to falter, or shrink, or withdraw, but to follow all the way.

I had no idea that my hallowed little resort was known, nor my habit of prayer in that particular place remarked by anyone.

Yet so it was. Someone knew.

Later on, after taking my first appointment as an officer, I was impressed with the urgent importance of asking my own dear mother plain questions concerning her soul's eternal welfare.

Had she felt the need of Christ as her personal Saviour?

Her answer thrilled me through and through.

"Yes, my boy, I did feel my need of Him. I went also from one place to another seeking relief, but found neither rest nor comfort to my soul. At last I went to the spot where you used to regularly kneel, and right there the burden of my heart rolled away."

Do you wonder now that I call it "my first altar"?

Such indeed it was to me. As I knelt in prayer, assured of God's holy presence, He gave me strength and inspiration for the earliest days of my Christian experience.

There also He called me for service. Upon that same spot He sealed me for His ministry of soul-winning, and when the time came to leave home and its precious associations, again as I knelt at my first altar God strengthened me to go forth, bearing His cross.

Then in the double sense He deigned to meet my mother as she knelt there in contrition, and He lifted from her heart the burden of sin also.

How can I, therefore, praise Him enough for giving me such revelations of His love and power at that—my first altar.

THE GENERAL

Conducts Field Officers' Councils at Melbourne and Commissions Three Chief Secretaries.

A pleasing function, indeed, was the commissioning by the General of three Chief Secretaries for three of the most important Territories outside of Great Britain—Australia, United States, and Canada. Colonel Peart, the Australasian Chief Secretary for the past eight years, appointed to the United States; Colonel Hoskin, Field Secretary, successor to Colonel Peart in Australia; and Colonel Kyle, the Editor-in-Chief, to the Dominion of Canada. These comrades were in turn addressed by the General in respect to their new positions.

Referring to Colonel Peart, the General said his career had been long and most honorable. "You go," said the General, "to New York with my love and confidence. You have done good work in Australasia, and I believe you will do even better in that great country across the ocean."

In responding, Colonel Peart remarked that he had been a firm believer in the international policy of the Army, and now that its demands were made to apply to himself, he was pleased to say that both he and Mrs. Peart were in full accord on the question, and they obeyed the call with all their hearts. The Salvation Army, to him, had been a great education; he owed much to the opportunities it afforded. After a score of years of service, although he had given his best to the organization, and had denied himself in some little way for its advancement, yet he could not regard it as his debtor. "There has been great compensations in those years of service."

He felt honored in the General's selection of Chief Secretary for that great Territory, and he would go and do his utmost across the seas. Within ten minutes of receiving his appointment he turned up the "Soldiers' Guide," and received great encouragement from what his eyes fell upon—"My God shall

supply all your needs out of His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus."

Mrs. Peart also responded in her own practical manner. "When I came into the Army I reckoned it the best organization in the world, and I think so to-day. I have a good soul's experience, and will take my heart with me to America."

The General spoke of Colonel and Mrs. Kyle's faithful careers in the Old Land, in America, and in these southern lands. "I have large faith for you, Colonel Kyle, in Toronto; you are going to help me greatly in these emigration undertakings of mine in the Dominion. You go with my love and confidence."

Canada's new Chief Secretary said he was, firstly, a Salvationist. "My soul is baptised with the Holy Ghost, and I go to Canada to do my utmost in publishing the story of Jesus and

His Wonderful, Wonderful Love."

The Colonel, after thanking the General for the position to which he is appointed, treated the officers to some interesting reminiscences of his early career, and concluded with a pledge to do better than ever in his life in the all-important work of saving souls.

Mrs. Kyle said: "Women should be even more thankful for the Salvation Army than the men, because of the open door it has given us." She has served twenty-seven years as an officer, and ever found the joys of service, the joys of soul-saving, far outweighing the sorrows. "I have loved it more than life." In looking over the pages she has been writing in Australia she praised God for faithfulness, and promised continued fidelity.

Calling Colonel Hoskin to the front, the General said: "I have looked round and round and found the world for a man for the important post of the Australasian Chief Secretaryship, and I could not find a man so suitable as Colonel Hoskin. I believe you will be worthy of the trust." The General suggested that as the hour was late, and seeing they would have ample opportunity of hearing the new Chief Secretary again, they would dispense with a lengthy speech.

THE

COMMISSION FOR CANADA CHIEF

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THE GREAT TEMPLE EVENT.

COMMISSIONING FIFTY CADETS—DEDICATION OF REINFORCEMENTS
FOR CANADA'S NEW PROVINCES—GOD SPEED THE RETIRING
CHIEF SECRETARIES—NEW VOLUNTEERS FOR THE WAR.

Such a series of "draws" of exceptional interest could hardly fail to arouse the enthusiasm of Toronto soldiery, even though in mid-July, on one of the hottest days yet experienced.

The Commissioner's patent recipe for "keeping cool" provoked a smile, his true, nevertheless our leader's advice was heartily followed. The soldiers sang, clapped, prayed, responded, believed, and in every other way possible evinced the heartiest interest throughout the varied program, in spite of the oppressive and almost stifling heat.

Toronto soldiery knows how to appreciate a good Salvation Army rally. Not only do they turn up in crowds (bringing the whole family with them) but they lend themselves with charming grace to the spirit of the hour.

If it be a commissioning, each Cadet's name, who rises to salute at his or her promotion and appointment, evokes a storm of cheering encouragement.

Or, by way of variation, when a new song and chorus is to be taught (and this, by the way, is one of the Commissioner's own peculiarly-striking fortes) both males and females catch up the refrain, as if born musicians, and sing it "with a gusto that would push the world along!"

A strong platform of Territorial Staff supported

The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs

on the present occasion, together with the smiling, expectant Training College staff, to whom the ceremony will mean so much.

Preliminaries over, in which all joined heartily, a united song by the Cadets (composed for the occasion) takes on capitolity.

"In the fight for God and souls we are,
And we mean to push the war;
We'll lift the flag up higher,
For of course that's what we're for.
All throughout our fair Dominion,
With our Christ we go to bless;
Our object shall be to bring sinners home.
Yes, yes, yes!"

The last three words expressing a far greater amount of "vim" than can be bought in fifty packages.

In a few words the Commissioner condenses the important features of the unique occasion which has called us to meet. Marching orders for the Cadets, the despatch of a few officers for new openings in the Northwest, and our heartiest "God speed" to Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, as they relinquish past duties and take up the great and new development to which our honored General has appointed them.

The brief, but pointed, Scripture lesson was weighty with promise of help and sufficiency. Exodus iv. 1 to 12 will surely remain with the newly-commissioned officers as the Divine assurance, sent to them through their Commissioner with new and direct force.

"I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say."

No matter if natural eloquence be lacking, and words jumble in utterance, or falter and stutter upon the tongue, God who sends us forth remains our constant and abiding Teacher, and He who made man's mouth can put in it what message we should deliver.

Moses at this time was just receiving his new appointment. His corps was composed of a somewhat heterogeneous, grumbling, discontented people—one day they murmured, desiring flesh food, and the next they had too much of the same!

The promise might not be inappropriate, either, for our departing Chief Secretary, as he proceeded he knew not whither. He might have to go before the King, or the Cabinet, or other high state dignitaries, and

feel himself incapable of speech. But God would be with him. He need not fear. The Commissioner then proceeded to speak of

The Precious Example

the Colonel had given us of a soldier's willingness to go or do what might be required of him, although greatly in ignorance of the path God would map out for him.

Brigadier Taylor was the first called on for a speech. As the Principal of the Training College, he outlined part of the arduous life in which his Cadets had thrived for the past five months.—65 Bible lessons, 70 lectures, 50 lessons on corps management, etc., have comprised part of the course of study.

They had already had a foretaste of corps work in some measure—22,200 War Crys had been sold by them in Toronto; the inmates of 10,000 houses in the city had been visited and talked to about their soul's welfare (several having been converted through this means); 4,044 saloons have also been visited, and many people personally button-holed.

Applause greeted these statements, for Torontonians appreciate hard work.

The Temple Songsters, led by Adj. Arnold, then taught us another new song about "the gate being ajar for sinners."

"I want a great revival in salvation song," cried the Commissioner, as the chorus swelled louder and more distinctly. "I have known many people to be touched by God whilst a song was being sung."

Those watching for new things will certainly see development along this line by-and-by.

Next came the commissioning of the party of officers proceeding to the great N. W. T.

"The Army's first contribution towards making the new Provinces," remarked the Commissioner.

Adj. Scott, Ensign Randall, Ensign Grego, and Capt. Lang each had a few words of personal testimony (Ensign Howcroft not being present but joining the party at Sturgeon Falls).

What wonderful opportunities are given to these dear comrades will appear, we trust, in future columns of the War Cry. May they indeed be "more than conquerors."

The batch of Cadets destined for the Eastern Province were then called upon to rise.

Newfoundland also gets two; the New Ontario Division will be reinforced; West Ontario, the Training Home Province, and a further supply for the Northwest contingent completed the girls' side of the former collegians.

And then the boys' turn—they almost grew pale (was it with waiting in suspense?) Some great ovations greeted those best known at the Temple, and genuine congratulations for those who, by ability and true Salvationism development, had risen to the rank of Captain (for complete list we must refer readers to the Gazette).

By this time absorbing interest centred upon

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs.

who rose to speak in the usual order of "ladies first."

The Commissioner declared that the Colonel would not have been so good a man had he not been blessed with so good a wife.

We do not venture to dispute it—facts remain.

At any rate, Mrs. Jacobs rose to the occasion like a warrior-woman and neither wept nor made a fuss. For the second time only in fifteen years, she was facing a "farewell." All but two of the precious children were Canadian born. Indeed they seemed, therefore, to belong to Canada. She never had regretted her farewell from "bonnie Scot-

land," the homeland, to come here, "for," added Mrs. Jacobs, "I am a Salvationist from top to toe."

Therein lies the secret of willing hearted acceptance of every new avenue of usefulness which opens to an Army officer—God's and the Army's for anywhere and anything.

As a soldier, Mrs. Jacobs has been a tower of strength to her corps, always ready to fill a gap or undertake the work usually unloved and eschewed by most people.

The Chief Secretary himself then came forward and gave us one of those well-rounded, carefully-thought-out, and weighty, yet condensed, expressions of thought which those who know him have learned to expect of the man.

Like a kernel in a nutshell, there was strong meat in small compass. Briefly he summarized neatly the deep appreciation both he and his partner feel of the kind things said to them both by letter and word of mouth at the present crisis. Farewelling had been out of his line, he had only changed commands twice during the sixteen years' service in Canada.

A little anecdote fitted well in here and then the Colonel plunged with lightning rapidity into a masterly survey of the main planks of his faith—ruin by Adam, redemption by Jesus Christ, sanctification through the Holy Spirit, a personal devil, a real heaven, and a place called hell.

"In finishing my work as the Chief Secretary of Canada," said he, "I desire to place on record that I have the strongest faith in God, in which there is no mingling element of doubt. I believe also in a Divine Christ, the incarnate Son of God, my personal Saviour. I have faith also in you, my dear comrades, that you will prove faithful soldiers of the Army. I believe in the great Salvation Army. Never did I believe more that it was designed of God to accomplish the great work we already see begun. I believe in its principles, its system, in the way we receive marching orders, and in the fact that the choice is not left to us. To me it is a relief that this matter is arranged for us by our leaders, Spirit-led and directed. I know there is a place in the S. A. where I can do more for God than anywhere else."

"I have great faith also," continued the Colonel, "in the future of this country, and I would like to put on record that I am now doing gladly what it has often fallen to me to ask others to do—that is, to farewell and proceed to other work."

At this point Staff-Inspector Archibald, whom we were all glad to have on the platform, rose by the Commissioner's request, and fervently committed to God the whole party of newly-commissioned officers, the Northwest contingent, and the Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs in the new paths opening out before them.

"These are men and women ready to be offered," prayed the Staff-Inspector, "who have said, 'Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel.' Endue them in a special manner with power. May the banner of the Army not only be unfurled, but be overwhelmingly successful, and have sweeping victory again and again."

The Commissioner's Final Charge

was then given, and together, in solemn covenant, the comrades repeated, with all hands holding the cords of the flag—

"Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay

The debt of love I owe;

Here, Lord, I give myself away,

'Tis all that I can do."

A prayer of committal led up to the closing scene—another tender appeal for Candidates and souls.

Although the hour was well advanced, and a storm of electricity played about the heavens with threatening aspect, fruits of the meeting were not wanting.

Some fifteen young men and maidens voluntarily offered themselves for active service, whilst another ten sought a life of higher-level experience, and came forward for cleansing or salvation,

FIELD BULLETINS

ST. JOHN'S I. WELCOMES STAFF-CAPT. AND MRS. MORRIS, The New Chancellors for Newfoundland.

Sunday the meetings were conducted by our worthy D. O's, Major and Mrs. Creighton, and as it was the welcome meetings of our new Chancellors, everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation. Sharp at 11 a.m. Major and Mrs. Creighton, with the new Chancellors, entered the Citadel, and if tooting of instruments, beating of drums, and hand-clapping is a token of welcome, why they had it from the start. The meeting opened with song, some prayer, then the Major called on Adj. Williams, who gave the Staff-Captain and his wife a royal Newfoundland welcome. Speaking for himself, he was delighted, and told them they had come among a warm-hearted lot of people. The Major followed. He said he was pleased to welcome the new Chancellors. Here he alluded to dear Staff-Captain McGillivray, who, on account of his illness, had to leave the Island, and spoke of the years Staff-Capt. Morris and he had spent side by side. They had been happy, so he thought they would agree well together now. The Staff-Captains replied in such a way that the people swallowed them wholesale. Mrs. Creighton read the lesson, and this brought their first meeting among us to a close.

The afternoon meeting took the form of a Christian's free-and-easy. Many embraced the opportunity of speaking, but the singing and playing of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris caught on like wild-fire. Mrs. Morris read the lesson, and Major Creighton closed with an earnest exhortation.

Of the night meeting what shall we say? We met at the Citadel at 8 p.m., with the band to the front; we marched one hundred and thirty strong to the open-air stand, where a very lively meeting was conducted by Adj. Williams. Back at the Citadel a large crowd awaited us. The Major lined out the opening song; prayer was offered to God on behalf of the meeting. Then the Major gave us one of his beautiful solos. After preliminaries Mrs. Creighton spoke on behalf of the ladies and welcomed Mrs. Morris. The Major followed, and said some very nice things about the Staff-Captain, and in behalf of the brothers welcomed them both, to the Newfoundland Province. Another solo from the Staff-Captain, with banjo accompaniment. Capt. E. M. Mercer spoke, after which the Staff-Captain gave the Bible lesson. The Major took hold of the prayer meeting and one soul was claimed for King Jesus, bringing to a close one of the most enjoyable days in the history of the S. A. warfare in the colony. The officers, soldiers, and comrades are delighted with the new Chancellors, and feel they are the right ones at the right place.—A. J. M.

NEWS FROM NEW ONTARIO DIVISION.

Since our last report we have visited several more of the corps in this interesting Division.

Ensign Hoddinott accompanied me to Parry Sound, where Lieut. Brass was holding on while the Captain is away on a much-needed furlough. We had a nice gathering in the open-air, and a very nice meeting inside. The greater part of the meeting fell to Ensign Hoddinott, as the D. O. was suffering from an attack of bronchitis and could scarcely speak. One soul sought salvation.

We had a splendid week-end at Midland, where Ensign and Mrs. Hoddinott are doing well. The crowds in the open-air were splendid, and the way they respond when the collection is asked for is very interesting indeed. I would like some of our city corps to attend some of the open-air we have in the North.

The meetings all day Sunday were of a very special nature. The D. O. dedicated two babies in the afternoon, one being the son of the officers, and the other of the Sergt.-Major and wife. We had a splendid meeting with deep conviction at night, but could not persuade any one to yield. God bless the Midland Braves. There are great things ahead for you.

Collingwood was the next port of call. Ensign Wilson and her Lieutenant are getting well hold here. We had a grand open-air and a very nice gathering inside, but had to close without anyone seeking God, for which we were very sorry, but are believing to hear of many seeking salvation in the near future. We have some good recruits, or new soldiers, here who are doing well.

We were at Meaford the next night, and although it was not a regular meeting night, we had a magnificent time. The crowd who stood around the open-air was grand, and was a great contrast to twenty years ago, when the writer was stationed in this place, and when we used to be treated to eggs in such quantities that we could not stand on the main street long enough to have an open-air meeting. Lieut. Wales is in charge here and is getting along well, has cleared off all the corps liabilities during the few weeks she has been in-charge, and

has increased her War Cry order ten copies already. Go on Meaford, you shall win.

What a splendid week-end we spent at Barrie. The open-air was very special features of this campaign, the crowds were simply grand, the attention beautiful and the collections all that could be desired. At the indoor meeting Saturday night a dear fellow who had been a backslider for thirty years, stood up and told us of his backsliding, then came out to the penitent form and gave himself to God. Sunday morning, at the holiness meeting, a man who had been at the open-air meeting came to the penitent form as we finished the first song, and afterwards told us how he had tried to run away from God for fourteen years, but he had followed him until he had come back to Him. He was at all the open-air throughout the day, speaking at each one. Two comrades also came out to consecrate themselves to God in this meeting, and at the night meeting another backslider—who, by the way, was a Corps-Cadet—came home amidst much rejoicing. Barrie has some good old "stand-bys" who are still in the soul-saving business, and are being led on by Adj. and Mrs. Hyde, who have a splendid hold of the town. Mrs. Johnston, Auxiliary Secretary, spoke in the night meeting.

Adj. Parsons reports a good week-end at the Michigan Soo, with one senior and two juniors at the mercy seat.

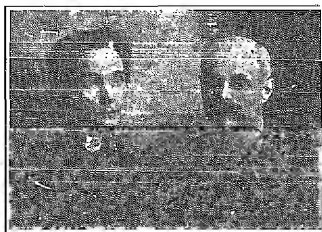
Ensign White, who, by the way, we are sorry to lose from the Province, reports a splendid week-end at Lindsay, with three for salvation.

Capt. New, of Omemee, sends the cheering news that one prisoner and one backslider have been captured.

During the past two weeks Capt. "Cheer Up" Minnis, of Bracebridge, reports seven for salvation, with many under conviction. The following is the latest poem by "Cheer Up":

"The old flag has never touched the ground, boys,
The old flag has never touched the ground;
Since the year '66 she has been in many a fix,
But the old flag has never touched the ground."

Ensign McCann reports great times at New Liskeard, the "baby corps," and a great drunkard at the mercy seat, and states that the converts are taking their stand as soldiers, and altogether they are pushing ahead in this latest opening.—Traveler.



Ensign and Mrs. Bradbury, Campbellford, Ont.

STAFF-CAPT. AND MRS. MORRIS AT ST. JOHN'S I.

Sunday morning, July 9th, the Chancellor and Mrs. Morris were with us. Since their appointment to the Sea-Girl Isle we have been very anxious to see them, and an early visit to our corps was, therefore, highly appreciated.

The band, although not professing much on musical lines, although small numerically, turned out in full force at the morning meeting. The Captain, poor soul, was sick, but the school teacher and assistant, in the person of Capt. Henderson, was in hand with a beaming face to give welcome to our dear Chancellor and D. O. The meeting was good. The sweet singing and instrumental music of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris, were delightful, and our souls were stirred while we were urged to develop in spiritual points.

The afternoon's bombardment was done in good style, special music drawing a large crowd, and the inside meeting was just glorious. Mrs. Morris had a list of choruses which went with a swing, and the glory came down, and the spontaneous hallelujahs, with occasionally a dance, made things lively.

At night inside the crowd was excellent. Although hot weather, and the season when it is hard to get a large crowd, the hall was a pleasing sight to behold, with its sea of happy faces. God was with us, and two souls came to God; one had a desperate fight and did not get complete deliverance, but we are especially praying for him; the other we believe to be a splendid trophy of grace.—See-Shell.

LIEUT.-COLONEL FRIEDRICH AND BRIGADIER SMEETON AT VANCOUVER.

Backsliders returning to the fold and souls being saved is surely good news. Such is our report. Truly the Lord is with us and blessing us. Hallelujah!

We were very much pleased to welcome Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, Brigadier Smeeton, and Captain Parker to Vancouver.

The moving picture exhibition given in the City Hall, Wednesday evening, was fairly well attended and heartily enjoyed by all. Quite a number pronounced it the best seen in Vancouver, and expressed the hope that the Colonel would re-produce them, or give us another exhibition, on his return from the North.

The Lieutenant-Colonel gave us a good meeting in the barracks the next evening, with one soul, a backslider, returning to God.

Brigadier Smeeton took the holiness meeting Friday evening, and gave us a real good, soul-inspiring talk. We feel assured that their stay with us has been made a blessing to precious souls.

The people of the North, and also the natives, who will have the privilege of attending their meetings, will enjoy a rare treat and receive a blessing also. God bless them.

Forward, is our motto.

Triumphant is our song.

The enemy has learned to know

'Tis the Lord who leads us on.

—H. N. M. N.

TWELVE SOULS AT RIVERDALE.

Cadets' Last Day's Fight.

Sunday was indeed a record day to the Cadets of Riverdale corps. A certain amount of sadness mingled with the thought that their connection with Riverdale corps was to be severed so soon, for they have received numerous blessings in the corps, and the greatest possible help and encouragement from the officers. But they recognize that the Master was calling to more personal service, and like Mary, arose quickly to answer the call. We looked for great things, and the Lord fulfilled our prayers and answered our expectations. Early in the morning, at knee-drill, the blessing commenced in the refreshment of God's people and the salvation of one soul, who proved the truth of the promise, "Ye shall find me when ye seek me early." Much of God's presence and power was felt in the open-air and holiness meetings, when another dear sister came out to receive full salvation. The afternoon was also a time of joy and blessing, but we felt that our greatest efforts and faith would be needed for the crowded evening meeting. A large audience gathered, and the Spirit of God was mightily present. All feeling and levity was put aside as we came into the manifest presence of God. After singing and prayer, Ensign Howell called on each of the Cadets for a few words of testimony and farewell, and the people listened eagerly to every word, appearing to recognize the fact that it might be our last meeting on earth. Cadets Milroy and Jones sang a farewell song as a duet, and then the Ensign rose to make the final appeal. His message was not merely well-chosen, but Divinely given, we believe as a suitable farewell motto to the Cadets as well as a powerfully persuasive invitation to sinners. The word came home to many hearts. "Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The helplessness and failure of man apart from God was plainly set forth in contrast to the joy and triumph of the Christian, who, having God with him, is always on the winning side. No doubt Mrs. Howell's tender and heart-stirring prayer at the close of the Ensign's address, had much to do with encouraging the ten souls who enlisted in the King's service and set out for a career of victory. With all our hearts we say, "Thanks be unto God" for the many past victories, and especially for this last battle, and triumph at Riverdale. God abundantly bless Riverdale.—E. Walsh, for Ensign Howell.

BRIDGEWATER. We are still marching on to Welles Home, conquer, believing that victory is ours. Our fighting force is increased by Sergt.-Major Hamm, who has been in Halifax for the past few months. The Sergt.-Major is a valuable assistant in the corps, and was greatly missed while away. Capt. Mellick left on Wednesday morning for Charlottetown, P.E.I., where we will have a short but much-needed rest. On the night before her departure we had the joy of seeing one backslider return to the fold. We are believing for others in the near future. May God grant it, is the earnest prayer of our hearts. To God we give the glory.—Lieut. G. B. McMaisters.



Rescue Home Staff, Halifax.

OTTAWA RESCUE HOME.

The Epworth League from the East Methodist Church came and gave our dear girls a musical treat on the evening of the 5th of July. It was quite a nice surprise party. About fifteen members of the League came, and with their voices and musical voices gave us a delightful concert of sacred music, which was much enjoyed by both girls and mothers. We hope they will come again.

On the 11th last, Mr. Southam, of the Citizen, gave the children, and as many of the girls and officers as could go, a delightful party. He chartered a car, which went straight out to Britannia, then back to the glebe, a sweet, little, quiet, shady country place, where they spent a lovely day.

Mr. Southam provided the refreshments, and we returned home about five o'clock, after all had spent a lovely day. We appreciate it very much, and heartily thank Mr. Southam for giving our little ones such good cheer.

We are much encouraged in our work here. God is blessing us; at nearly every meeting we hold someone comes out for salvation. Praise God for all His goodness to us—Anna Price, for Staff-Captain Ellery.

ARNOLD'S COVE. It has been a good while since you heard from this part of the vineyard, but I am glad to tell you that we are having good times. Sunday was a day of blessing. In the holiness meeting four came for a clean heart, and one sinner fell at his feet, but we fear he did not fully yield. In the afternoon another sinner came forward and claimed pardon. We are still believing for others, and are going in to get the children saved. P. L. S. H. G.

GRAND BANK, Nfld. Adj. Sparks has arrived. God Expectations. In our midst, and we record the Adjutant and his wife a hearty welcome, and expect to see the work owned and blessed by God.—A. L. Ten, Cor.

HEART'S DELIGHT, Nfld. God is blessing us here. Since arriving, two weeks ago, we have seen quite a number of souls converted. Sunday's meetings were seasons of rich blessing. In the night meeting we received over two beautiful cases of conversion. We are going in by the help of God to make the summer season one of blessing.—Lieut. Morgan, for Ensign England.

LONDON. Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs gave Camp Meetings on a Sunday. This was a great treat for London. The Colonel's addresses were much enjoyed by all. The following Thursday we were pleased to give our Commissioner a welcome back to London to conduct a great meeting in the S. A. tent. The very presence of the Commissioner gives a meeting a good spirit. His passionate appeals for Candidates, for holiness, for salvation, and the service of God and man, were soul-inspiring, and we believe not without great result. Some souls came forward for holiness and salvation. The next visitor was Brigadier Southam, for Saturday and Sunday. These meetings were looked forward to also with very much pleasure. The Brigadier's address Sunday morning was one of the best, both pointed and practical. The Commissioner's, Colonel's, and Brigadier Southam's visit to London cannot help but bring a mighty blessing to the work here. God bless them. Come again.—H. C. K.

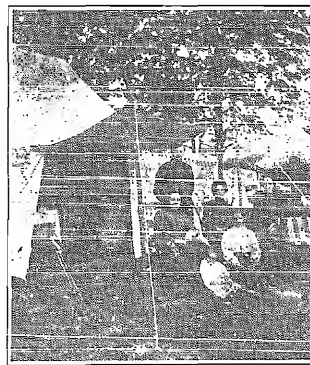
MONTREAL IV. Our open-air on Saturday night was grand. Knee-deep in the gutter. Afternoon meeting conducted by Lieut. Davis was a charmer. At night a large white cross was set up in front. The Ensign had built two altars on the platform, and took for his subject Elijah. The hall was well filled, although we had no open-air. It rained so hard, yet the crowd came and were mightily taken hold of by God. Five souls in the morning, and four in the afternoon. We had a glorious wind-up. Stagnation is tumbling. Glory!—Shard and Davis, C. O's.

NEWCASTLE, N.B. In this little corner of the battlefield we are still having victory, and still proving the keeping power. Although we do not see as many coming to the Saviour as we would like to, still we are thanking God for those who have come,

and praying and believing for others. In spite of other attractions, our open-air and inside meetings are fairly well attended, which goes to prove that salvation is the best thing in the world. A few have grown tired and fell out of the ranks, but we bless God for the faithful few who never get weary, but stand by the colors in summer as well as winter. "Courage," is our motto, and souls our hearts' desire.—Yours to help win them, Publication Marion.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. We are glad to report good interest, attendance, and souls won for God. At the Sunday morning meeting at the jail a Chinaman who could speak English sought salvation, and for the past two Sundays has testified to keeping well saved. A man left our meeting under conviction and went home and found forgiveness for sin in his room, and has returned to the hall to give God the glory. Another young man came forward last night, and a number are in the valley of decision. Prayer and faith will bring the victory.—Capt. and Mrs. Sainsbury.

PETERBORO. On Sunday the meetings were led by our new officers, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McAmmond. God did indeed wonderfully bless their efforts. In the morning two comrades came out for the blessing of a clean heart, and at night one sister came out for salvation and got nicely saved. Praise God. Our new officers are taking hold of things in fine style, and with their kind and gentle manner have quite captivated the hearts of the Peterboro people. May God bless their work here. On Wednesday, July 15th, the meeting was held under the auspices of the League of Mercy. Sergt.-Major Lloyd led the meeting in excellent style. God was near to us and blessed us, and we had an enjoyable evening with the League of Mercy. Finances were good. The hospital and prison, and different homes in town are visited regularly by the sisters, where



The Training Home Staff at the Tent Door.

they have been the means of blessing, and in a few cases have won souls for Christ. May God bless them.—A. Welshman.

ST. JOHN'S I. This corps still booms. Eight More Soldiers. Sunday was a day of blessing to our souls. Adj. Williams to the front all day. At night two souls claimed the blessing of salvation. Then on Tuesday night eight comrades took their stand as soldiers. This makes a total of seventy-two since Adj. and Mrs. Williams took charge some nine months ago.—A. Keppen, Cadet.

SOUTH WEST ARM, New Bay. God is giving us the victory. Our Motto: "Onward." Sunday was a day of blessing to all. God was with us from beginning to end. We closed up at night with three souls in the fountain. We are praying that many others are long will be found seeking deliverance through the blood. "Onward," is our motto.—Capt. M. French.

ST. JOHN II. After spending over eight months with us, in which God made them a blessing, Captain Melvor and Lieut. Murrough said good-bye to us on Tuesday night. Adj. Cooper came over with the No. 1 brass band, also the Staff Officers, and gave them a good send-off, and the meeting closed with the band playing "God be with you till we meet again." God bless them in their new field of labor.—A. Soldier.

TILT COVE. Lieut. Cave has said good-bye reinforcements, and gone to some other part of the battlefield to labor for the Master. During the last six months her hands have been engaged teaching the children, and I believe not in vain. We have just welcomed Capt. Newbury, who has come to take her place, and we earnestly pray that she will meet with success. Amen. On

Saturday and Sunday and Tuesday night we had a Corps-Cadet all the way from Norway, who favored us with a solo in each meeting. God bless the Norwegian Corps-Cadet. Amen. We expect to have him with us again, very soon. A word or two in connection with our Sunday School. As far as I can see at the present time it is in a prosperous condition, under the command of J. S. Sergt.-Major Mrs. Miles. —One who conquers, Corps-Cadet H. Dick.

WINNIPEG. God has promised to bless His people, and during the last fortnight we have received much from Him, filling our hearts with praise. A week ago we received a tremendous blessing, when the Rev. Mr. Gordon, better known as "Ralph Connor," conducted the presentation to our band boys of a complete set of band instruments. Closely following this was the Editor of the War Cry, with his moving pictures, which was a beautiful demonstration of the work done by our Army, both in this country and in Europe. Then came the farewell of Adj. Alward. The closing service will be remembered by those who were present. Many were found at the mercy seat seeking forgiveness. What a powerful Saviour ours is, breaking down all barriers that would stand in the way of those who would serve Him. Sometimes by afflictions, bereavements, losses, pains, God does not want us to suffer in beating our heads without patience. We do pray for His Holy Spirit, for then surely all barriers will be burned away. We are going to do all we can to help our new officers in their life's work. We have seen the fierce fights and glorious victories won by our late officers, and feel sure of victory with our new Staff-Capt. Coombs, wife, and family, who will take charge, have arrived from Toronto, where they have been stationed for some three years. We expect great things in the future, for Christ is our King.—R. D. K.

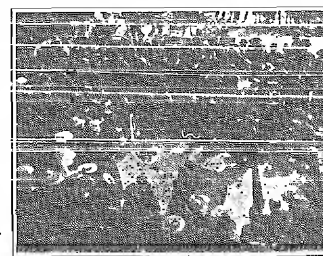
YORKVILLE. After a successful sojourn of nine months at Yorkville, Capt. Thos. J. Farewell, received his marching orders and has gone to fight for God and the right against the devil's forces at Little Current. Last Sunday, July 17th, was a general farewell with us, for not only did our Captain, but also our brigade of noble Cadets bid us farewell, who during the past five months have ably assisted our officer and corps at large. We will miss them very much. May God abundantly bless both the Captain and the Cadets in their new field of labor. We ended the day's fest with one soul in the fountain and a rich blessing to our souls. To God be all the glory. Amen. These farewells remind us that this is a restless world. Everything is in motion. Life is not a stagnant pool, it is a swift running stream, it is a march with many a stir, sharp encounter between the cross and the crown. Capt. Meeker's command at Yorkville has been useful from many standpoints, in spite of the fact that we have been (and still are) fighting under great difficulties, having no hall in which to hold our meetings, except Sunday afternoons and nights. When the Captain came to Yorkville, nine months ago, we had no place of meeting but on the streets. Shortly after he came he secured the Cumberland Hall for two meetings per week, as stated, for which we pay \$5. But thank God, in spite of the hardness, we have had some glorious times together, as the results will prove. During his stay we have seen 100 men and women saved and 50 children; 31 have been enrolled as new soldiers; 19 names have been added to the I. S. roll; our Sunday School has been re-organized and is doing nicely; 2,265 War Cry were sold; 720 hours were spent in house-to-house visitation. We also had a visit from our much-loved Commissioner Coombs, who conducted a great meeting in St. Paul's Hall, at which Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor were welcomed to Canada, and installed as principals of the S. A. Training College. Therefore, in looking over the past nine months, we feel we have much to praise God for, and look upon it as one of the most successful periods in the history of the Yorkville corps.—Yours to the fight for God and souls, J. E. Jarvis, Secretary.

BEE THAT WORKS AT NIGHT.

(From the Lahore Tribune.)

The bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India.

It is an unusually large insect, the combs being often six feet long, four feet wide, and from four inches to six inches thick.



Open-Air in Winnipeg.

The Chief Secretary's Last Words to the Canadian Field.

Amid the rush of the last few days' toil at Headquarters, the War Cry Sub. (in the absence of the Editor) did level best to secure an interview with Colonel Jacobs for the benefit of War Cry readers.

We wanted to get a few pointers from his ripe experience which should profit us all in days to come.

But the Colonel's portfolios were running over with urgent matter, and he was not easy to catch, in a moment sufficiently long disengaged from other business, to be able to transcribe his thoughts to such prose as a War Cry essay.

At the last moment, however, a little message for Canadian officers and soldiery comes to hand, which will be prized by both, inasmuch as the Colonel speaks out of his heart some few of the deep-seated feelings which strive for utterance at such times, and which too often have to remain unspoken by reason of a choking sensation in both heart and throat.

"Tell them," says the Colonel, "something of the very great appreciation I have for the officers up and down the Territory. The many years' service in their midst have, I think, enabled me to know and understand to some degree their feelings, and realize also the difficulties which confront them in their warfare day by day. In some small measure I trust I have been successful in my efforts to help them meet such and have done a little towards increasing their efficiency and pointing them to the path of victory. I am of opinion that it is only as we officers are filled with the Holy Spirit, and with a burning passion for the souls of mankind that we are fit for the battle; but when that is the case, the average Canadian officer stands equal, at all events, if not actually superior, to any other officer the world over.

"Furthermore," add the Colonel, "speaking broadly, on the whole I have found the Canadian officer to be of this stamp. In fact, it is well known that in this land, which offers many possibilities to energetic and robust youth, nothing short of a definitely Spirit-filled heart and Christ-born love for dying souls would offer an incentive to actual service in the ranks. Without that irresistible motive-power inspiring every day's efforts, our work could not but become the merest drudgery, a dull and monotonous routine of hard duty. We are not ignorant of Satan's devices, nor of the multitudinous attractions and allurements which abound around us offering easier spheres."

The Canadian Rank and File.

The Colonel's appreciation of Salvationism, as it is represented under the Maple Leaf, is no less cordial.

"My experience," he says, "goes to prove that Canadian Salvationists can fight with a zeal and determination for God and souls almost unequalled in my knowledge of other parts of the world. The Canadian, by nationality, is of the type to make real blood-and-fire soldiers. His national enthusiasm lends itself readily to a whole-hearted S. A. warfare, and, besides this, out-and-out Salvationism is very acceptable to the Canadian people, commanding their confidence and admiration. A mighty future is before whole-hearted warriors of the Territory, for it will certainly be given to them in wider measure to influence and largely benefit the entire world, even as the Dominion itself is destined so to do in future days. It is a recognized fact the world over that Canada will become the wheat-granary of a greater part of the entire globe. In like manner also the Canada of the future should develop into a great country, for the production of a race of sturdy, out-and-out, thorough Salvationists, eager and competent to supply pressing missionary claims for other parts of the world. I know of no reason why

it should not be so. Why consecrated men and women in large numbers should not come to the front, baptized with the Spirit of God, and impelled with ardent love for their Saviour and mankind, offering themselves to go and win the heathen of other lands to Jesus Christ."

Canada Amongst the Nations.

"I should like to say," continued the Colonel in his message, "that I believe there is a great future before our colony as a country. Its natural resources, which at the present are not fully developed, are destined to become of untold benefit to the willing worker of the lands. The development of the country will take both money and courage. Like every other good thing, it cannot be accomplished without trouble and perseverance. It is men of this stamp who possess the two former, and are not afraid of facing the latter, that will be attracted and enticed to our land, who, having every opportunity to earn honest livelihoods amongst us, will themselves contribute to the wealth of the country, and increase its revenue."

In closing, the Colonel once again desires to pay a tribute of appreciation to the many comrades and friends of the Territory for the kindness and affection manifested to him, and without which he affirms that his work during the past sixteen years would have been a failure.

His son and daughters have grown up in our midst, the eldest girl being a Sergeant at the Temple corps, his son a bandsman at Lip-pincott, and two daughters Corps Cadets.

LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. GASKIN VISIT GUELPH.

(Special.)

The visit of Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin to our corps has been right up to our prayers and expectations, a great blessing and inspiration to the corps generally.

The ball was set rolling right in front of the Post Office on Saturday night, where a large crowd soon gathered. The Colonel, in his characteristic earnestness, pitched into the crowd with all his soul. You could have heard a pin drop as he carried us back to the days of his conversion, and at the same time dealt out the messages of truth with all the force of his nature.

The meeting inside was equally as powerful, our souls being wonderfully blessed and our faith inspired for the coming Sabbath's fighting.

Sunday morning holiness meeting was a most powerful time. The Colonel took for his lesson Acts xxvii. The principal feature of his remarks was the four anchors (verse 23, viz: "Then fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.")

Many put their hand up as a sign they possessed the blessing, while others tremblingly put up their hands, being extremely desirous of obtaining the blessing, and full of inward groanings for the same.

Afternoon meeting in the park beat all previous records. God richly blessed us with fine weather, large interested crowd, and ten dollars and three cents for collection. Praise God.

The night meeting was a crowning time. The crowd at the corner of Wyndham Street drank in readily the Colonel's powerful remarks on habits and character. Inside meeting commenced full of faith and finished up with one soul at the cross. Glory be to God! The attendances were good; finances A 1.—James Ryder; for Capt. and Mrs. Burton.

CHINA'S NEEDS.

In China there are 1,746 walled cities. In only about 247 of these there are missionaries at work, leaving 1,500 unoccupied. In only eighty-eight villages and unwall towns have mission stations been established.

The Way of the WORLD

The population of Winnipeg is officially announced at 78,367.

A Coventry firm has on order a large number of cycles for Japan, which are to be delivered on the cessation of Russo-Japanese hostilities.

The Scotch United Free Church, notwithstanding all its troubles, had an increase of nearly three thousand members last year.

Twenty thousand people gathered in Baltimore, Md., to attend the International Christian Endeavor Convention. Among the many plans of work is one to start a memorial fund in honor of Dr. F. E. Clark, and commemorative of the twenty-five years the society has been in existence. It is to be made up of contributions of twenty-five cents from each of the 8,000,000 membership.

The Grand Trunk Pacific engineers have made a rich discovery of oil just east of Lake Abitibi, in the further Temiskaming district.

The Lord Mayor of London, recently, at a banquet, mentioned that his wife, three daughters, eldest son, and daughter-in-law, his chaplain, butler, and steward were all total abstainers.

Sir John Jackson, the Government contractor, says the loss of life to men engaged in the construction of great public works equals that of the battlefield.

Severe floods are reported from Mexico. The town of Guanajuato is reported to have been swept away and over one hundred persons drowned.

President Roosevelt says, "The American people have not had a greater Secretary than John Hay, and his loss is a national calamity."

The House of Commons has sanctioned a loan, not exceeding a hundred million dollars, for the construction and extension of railways in India.

During the past eleven years 7,260 foreigners have been naturalized in England.

The Danish training schooner Georg Stage, lying in Copenhagen harbor, was rammed by the British steamer Ancona recently, and sunk in a minute and a half. The boys were all in their bunks, and twenty-two out of seventy-nine were drowned.

Four Armenian villages have been sacked and burned in the Province of Erivan by a body of 37,000 insurgents. The insurgents were beaten off by Cossacks, who inflicted enormous loss, and took 870 prisoners. The leaders of the insurgents were arrested.

The murderous work of the Cossacks in and about Lodz, Poland, continues. Twelve thousand people have already left and every train is crowded. The city is like a shambles. The Governor-General has proclaimed a state of siege. The Jewish district of Warsaw is in full revolt.

The Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries are to meet in Washington during the first ten days of August.

In 1872 there were only eleven baptized Christians in Japan. Now there are fifty thousand, and of these fourteen thousand are Presbyterians.

A tornado in Northern Texas early in July killed twenty-six persons, injured fifty, and damage to property will probably aggregate \$200,000.

First Japanese Bank in the United States.

"Early in July the first Japanese bank ever conducted in the United States was opened at Seattle," said Mr. A. F. Foster, of Seattle. "It has a capital of about \$50,000, and is situated in a building built especially for it in the business section of Seattle. The opening was the occasion of a joint Japanese-American celebration in which leading business men of the city and prominent members of the Japanese colony participated."

Marriage and Motherhood.

Mrs. Booth's Address at the London Mansion House Meeting for the Physical Improvement of the Nation.

At last a tangible and combined effort is to be put forth to arrest the physical deterioration of the nation, concerning which so much has been heard during the last year or two.

On Wednesday afternoon a great and representative meeting was held in the Mansion House for the purpose of forming a federation of all agencies devoted to this cause, to be called "The National League for Physical Education and Improvement."

The object of the League is to combat by united action the evils, especially those of overcrowding, bad nourishment, lack of air and exercise, and above all the absence of proper "mother," which produce deterioration.

Sixty of Britain's most eminent medical men, distinguished lawyers, clerics, and Members of Parliament have given warm approval of the scheme.

The Lord Mayor presided, and the speakers included the Bishop of Ripon, the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Alverstone), and Sir William Broadbent.

Mrs. Booth gave an address on "Marriage and Motherhood" that aroused immense enthusiasm and secured earnest attention, and a report of which our readers will, we are sure, be glad to peruse:—

The Army's Approval.

"I am happy, my Lord Mayor, to support the resolution which has been proposed by Sir William Broadbent, and so ably seconded by Mr. Alderman Strong. It has devolved upon me to address you this afternoon because, owing to a prior engagement of an important nature, my husband was compelled to refuse Sir Lauder Brunton's invitation. I would very much rather that he should have occupied these few moments, as he would have been so much better able to deal with the question before us.

"For, as leaders of the Salvation Army, we welcome the inauguration of this Society. From our knowledge of the conditions that obtain in many parts of the country, and of the melancholy ignorance which prevails amongst large sections of the community, we realize that there is a field of usefulness in which it may be of great benefit to the nation.

"It seems to us that this is an age of great specialization in every department of life, and it is appropriate that just as we have special societies and special plans for dealing with other objects, there should be a missionary enterprise, organized and equipped, to deal with this particular subject, which undoubtedly is one of great importance morally as well as physically. And I rejoice in the fact that this Society, met here this afternoon, will endeavor to strengthen the influence of the societies that are already in the field.

"It seems to me, my Lord Mayor, that I may feel specially glad to support the Society because it can bestow such an immense good upon the nation by setting before the people a pure and high ideal of motherhood. This question is really one of good mothers. (Applause.) It has been said that the way to become good is to be born good, and it seems to me that it will be a work of the very highest benefit to the community at large and to our country, if we can set before our people what it means to be a true mother—(Applause)—and if we can so influence them and instruct their minds, and especially their feelings, that that mighty force which, just as the tide sweeps into every nook and cranny of the coast, pervades society as a whole—public opinion—shall be in favor of a pure, a sheltered, an instructed and a free motherhood. (Applause.)

The True Mother.

"In the few moments at my disposal I would like to allude to one or two of the lead-

ing principles which must lie at the base of such an ideal, and I hope it will be found possible for this Society to impress them upon our people.

"First of all, how necessary it is to exalt the idea of marriage; to take it altogether on to a new plane; to raise it alike from the sordid contract of social convenience or financial advantage, from the hasty union of passion, and from the ill-conditioned assortment of the ignorant lad and undeveloped girl. We can never have hope for the motherhood for which we plead, and for which the nation pleads, without a marriage based on the pure, respecting love of one man for one woman. Such a marriage will prove a union under the sanction of God's providence. It may not be a sacrament, but it will be, whether recognized as such or not, a sacred thing. (Applause.)

"Then, let us formally declare that such a wife must be free—I hope you understand me. Free in the disposal of her own person, as regards her own thoughts and affections in the very highest sense of the word. When this is achieved we shall have traveled far towards a motherhood which realizes the greatness of its vocation, and honors its part in continuing and ennobling our race, and which will welcome to its arms, without a shadow of regret, every new life entrusted to it. (Applause.)

"It augurs well that we have heard these words from Sir William Broadbent, and that there are other eminent medical gentlemen here with us who have expressed their sympathy with this Society; and I suppose we must look—I confess that in the past I have not been able to do so without some misgivings—to them to enforce that great law of nature to which Sir William Broadbent alluded—that the true mother will herself nourish her child. If a mother should shirk that duty it is a shame to her, and if any mother should be prevented from discharging it by poverty, or hunger, or overwork it is a shame to us as a nation. (Applause.)

"If we fail in our children, what will become of our race? Not all the merchandise of the seas, whether we get it here protected or unprotected—or, as Mr. Rider Haggard has been saying, not all the wealth of the earth can supply the place of our children. (Applause.)

Childhood's Best Teacher.

"Then I think it should be understood that the true mother is the child's first teacher. It will learn the most from whoever loves it first, and we must insist that upon her rests the responsibility of that training of the heart besides which, as Sir Walter Scott said, all other training is moonshine. The Spaniards have a saying that 'an ounce of mother is worth a ton of priest.' (Laughter.) Our mothers of to-day may be, perhaps, emancipated from the priesthood, but do they not need to beware of delegating to others duties and responsibilities which they are best fitted to carry out—even to professors, no matter how able or experienced, whether in religion, or science, or medicine. (Applause.)

"The mother for whom we plead, and whom this Society will work to train, will herself be the chief instructor of her children, and will be the one whose example of unselfishness will afford the chief incentive to them to lead noble lives. And in their nobility of character and physique, in their devotion to duty, in their patriotism, and in their love of honor and truth, she will find, first by anticipation, and afterwards by happy experience, the real

joy of her life. (Applause.) Without this, to a mother, all worldly display, comfort, sensual gratification, and happiness of every kind, are as nothing. Let us show mothers placed in poor circumstances that a mother's instructed, unselfish love returns with a thousandfold of blessing to her own heart.

"You will not be surprised that I, as a Salvation Army officer, will add that the mother, in order to realize this supreme ideal of motherhood, will be one who, having received her children in the spirit of the Saviour's words, when He said, 'Whosoever shall receive one such little one in My name receiveth Me,' and having trained them in that unselfishness and restraint which she has learnt from Him, will guide their feet to His throne in humble prayer and dedication, will let them hear from her lips the secret things of life, and send them forth forewarned and forearmed to meet the evils that are in the world, and to embrace a life of purity and devotion in the service of their God. (Applause.)

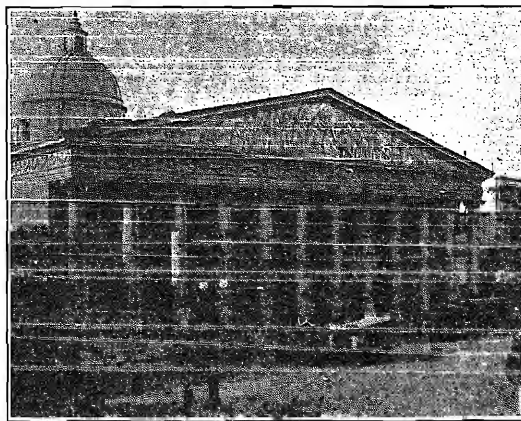
Parental Responsibility.

"I say can we not help even the poorest of the poor, whose difficulties, whose trials, and the perplexity of whose circumstances, I am convinced, are very little understood by most of those before me here this afternoon? Can we not help to teach even them this duty, and instead of relieving parents from their responsibilities for the education and for the physical improvement and well being of their children—and even, as I understand is contemplated, the responsibility for the feeding of those children—can we not, by precept and example, and by legislation if need be, bring closer home to both parents the necessity, the importance, the happiness, and the rewards of a closer attention to parental duties?

"It would be, I am convinced, an actual saving to the nation if even some public money were expended in some way by encouraging parents to do well by their children. And surely we have to-day reached a stage in our civilization when, if we have come to the doubtful decision to prohibit these very children from earning for themselves the few pence which will bring a little bit of bread to their mouths, or perhaps keep together the roof over their little heads—can we not find some penalty for the selfish parents who make this necessary by spending their means in riotous living?"

Mr. Haldane, K.C., M.P., followed Mrs. Booth, and thus referred to her address:

"The response which has been made to the eloquent speech we have just listened to is proof that but little argument is wanted from any subsequent speaker. Mrs. Bramwell Booth has spoken as a missionary, and the answer that came from an audience usually critical and not prone, when it is of such a character, to let itself go, shows how much the heart of this meeting was with her."



The Cathedral, Buenos Aires, Argentina.



FATHER LITTLE GONE TO HIS REWARD FROM VICTORIA, B.C.

It is with much heartfelt sorrow that I have to report the death of our beloved comrade, Father Little. He had been in ill-health for a short period of three months. Towards the last he suffered intense pain. For eighteen years he was employed by the City of Victoria as a sweeper. He was 77 years of age, and worked nine hours a day right up to the time when he was taken ill. Who knows but that he may be sweeping the Golden Street of the Heavenly City? Father Little was a true soldier of the meek and lowly Jesus. He was a Salvationist for sixteen years, was one that could be depended on, never once having had his name taken off the roll-book. If a target for Self-Denial or Harvest Festival was given him, the officers were always sure of the full amount. He was a kind father and a loving husband. They will miss him, but their loss will be his gain. Not only was Father Little a soldier of the Salvation Army, but he was always proud to let people know that he was a pensioner of the United States army. —W. H. Shillingslaw, Treas., for Adjt. and Mrs. Nelson.

TRANSPLANTED FROM PARADISE SOUND TO HEAVEN.

Death has visited our corps for the first time, and taken from our ranks, and from his home, Brother S. Goudaworthy, who fought as a soldier without a tri-colored flag for four years. Although not always at the front of the fight, he did his best, and was faithful to the end, and to-day we believe he is singing the songs of the redeemed around the throne. My first duty after coming here was to visit him, and I saw how patient he was in all his suffering, and on enquiring about his spiritual welfare he declared his willingness to meet his Saviour without a falter. "I'll soon be home," said he, and shortly after passed away to be with Jesus. A large number attended the funeral service, and while we placed his mortal remains in the cemetery we sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and consecrated our lives afresh to His service.—Lieut. R. Tilley.

A Testimony re Restitution and the Lord's Tenth.

Led by God, I desire to record in the War Cry a little of my experience on the line of restitution and giving the Lord His tenth.

After years of wandering in sin and misery, I was barely over four months since, by God's grace, I was led to return to my Father's house. How He welcomed me, the poor prodigal, blessed be His name!

Shortly after the Lord showed me He required of me to make restitution by paying for the liquor and cigars which had been given me without my employer's knowledge.

I am a hostler, but the Lord gave me grace to go to my boss, and give him cash value for the stuff I had taken.

When I was converted, my salary amounted to twelve dollars a month and a board.

The Lord led me to make a full consecration to Him, and one result of it was to give the tenth of my earnings to His cause.

"Some may ask, 'Have you gained anything by it?'"

Bless the Lord, indeed I have.

The second month my wages were increased to fourteen dollars, and yet a few weeks afterwards to the sum of sixteen dollars.

My health is good, but best of all I have God's favor, and am enjoying a free and full salvation.

He not only saves, but keeps me.

Oh, that none of my comrades would also consecrate the tenth part of their substance to Him.

What a blessing and help it would be to our officers and what unnecessary care and worry it would save them.

I feel that I am the least of God's children, yet I have the confidence of my employer and my comrades, and I am fighting 'neath the yellow, red, and blue.

I ask those who believe in prayer to pray for me, that I may be kept humble and make a greater blessing to all with whom I come in contact.—The Saved Hostler, John Murchison, Chesley.

THE OPIUM EVIL IN CHINA.

On my inland journey, I heard incidentally of many who had sold both wives and children in order to obtain the drug opium, and at Peking I saw of a man and his wife who, having previously parted with house furniture and all they had to gratify their craving, at the time of my visit, sold their only child, a nice girl of fourteen, educated in a mission school, to some brutal Kansau fur traders who were returning home. It is quite usual when a man desires a house and land, which are the property of an opium smoker, for him to wait with true Chinese patience for one or two years, or more—certain that the owner will, sooner or later, part with it for an

old song to satisfy his opium craving when he had sold all else. It is common for the Chinese to say, "If you want to be avenged on your enemy, you need not strike him, or go to law with him. You have only to entice him into opium smoking."—Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop.



Eye-Sight.

A frequent cause of discomfort in the use of spectacles is the innocent practice of wearing another person's glasses. One member of a family will frequently acquire a habit of wearing spectacles intended for the eyes of another, and will wonder that they cause such discomfort. It is to be remembered that spectacles should be fitted with the same accuracy as shoes or gloves; indeed, with more accuracy, since the eye is far more delicate and susceptible to the influence of strains than either the foot or the hand.

It should be remembered that the same individual may require two pairs of spectacles for different purposes. Thus a short-sighted person will usually require weaker glasses for viewing distant objects than for reading. As the eye changes with the rest of the body in advancing years, it will become necessary to change the spectacles at intervals. Neglect to do this will, in many cases, cause much discomfort and even pain.

As to the materials of the lenses themselves, the choice rests between pebble and glass. In former times the pebble (rock crystal) was much to be preferred. But in later years glass is made in a quality so much superior to that of half a century ago that there is little choice between the two except in one particular; this is the greater hardness of the pebble, as a result of which it is not so liable to be scratched, and may last longer. Spectacles of pebble may be wiped with a pocket handkerchief without injury, while lenses of glass should be cleaned only with a piece of wash leather kept for the purpose. It is extremely important that spectacles be kept with care, not only to avoid scratching by contact with hard substances, but also to preserve the original shape of the frame. The pasteboard cases which are commonly employed for the purpose are rarely sufficiently stiff to resist the pressure to which they are exposed in the ordinary course of life.

It is impossible to secure the services of a professional eye surgeon in selecting the proper lenses, the individual should bear in mind one or two points.

The best way of deciding upon the strength required in the lenses is to test them by means of the types which are kept for the purpose by every dealer in optical goods. It may be said in general that the weakest glasses which enable him to accomplish the desired object, whether that be for viewing distant or near objects, a far-sighted individual, on the contrary, may select a somewhat stronger glass for the same purpose.

As a person advances in years the eyes undergo certain changes, which interfere somewhat with the performance of its functions, and deprive it of some of the powers which it possessed in youth. These changes are just as natural to the eyes as the changes which occur in the skin, the hair, and the bones. The eye becomes somewhat flatter and the crystalline lens acquires a degree of hardness which renders it incapable of undergoing the same changes of form which it exhibited in early life.

It will be remembered that these changes of form occur when the eye is changed from distant to near vision, and conversely. When the person looks at distant objects the lens is comparatively flat; when the eye is directed to near objects the lens is, by the action of the ciliary muscle, rendered more curved. This change in form—which is technically called the accommodation of the eye—is necessary in order that a picture of the various objects will be accurately produced upon the retina.

When the lens has become hardened, and therefore less compressible than it was in early life, this power of accommodation, whereby the eye can be adapted for viewing near objects, is practically lost. The individual, therefore, can no longer see objects held near to the face with the same distinctness as he did twenty or thirty years previously, though his sight for distant objects remains just as good as ever. At last he overcomes the difficulty by holding objects somewhat further from the face; but in the course of time he is unable, even with this device, to read print of ordinary size. Hence it becomes necessary for him to employ some artificial means, whereby the same effect can be produced as was formerly brought about by the change in the shape of his lens. This is accomplished by the use of convex lenses.

The age at which it becomes necessary for an individual to employ glasses varies with many circumstances, although it may be regarded on the average as between 40 and 50 years of age. Some individuals, of course, are spared this necessity for a much longer time, sometimes because their eyes are subject to defects which are remedied by the change of the lens due to old age. In every case it will be well for the individual to begin with weak glasses, and change them for stronger ones as the progressing change in the eye requires.



Cress and cucumbers make refreshing sandwiches. Cut the cucumbers into very thin slices, sprinkle them with salt, and place them on a cloth to absorb the moisture. Cut the bread into thin slices, butter them and cover with slices of cucumber. Add a few bits of cress, cover each slice with another piece of bread, and cut the sandwiches into squares or narrow strips.

Yorkshire Pudding.—In England Yorkshire pudding is always cooked and served with roast beef. Here are directions for making this famous English dish: Beat to a stiff froth three fresh eggs, the whites and yolks together. Then add one pint of milk, stirring it well through the beaten eggs. Put six generous tablespoonfuls of flour into a bowl, then gradually add the milk and eggs, stirring briskly till as smooth as cream. Then strain the mixture through a sieve. Add a teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of freshly ground pepper. About three-quarters of an hour before the beef is done draw the pan forward in the oven and lift the joint. Pour in the batter and let it bake with the beef. If the oven is very hot half an hour will do the pudding. Cut it in squares and serve with the beef.

Ginger Snaps.—One cup of butter, one cup of lard, two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar. Doil these together. Add one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to roll them.

Strawberry Sauce.—Wash one-quarter cupful of butter in a bowl, and stir till creamy; then add, gradually, a three-quarter cupful of sugar, stirring constantly. Crush one and a half cupfuls of ripe strawberries with a silver fork, and mix them with the sauce; add, lastly, if handy, half cupful whipped cream and serve with the pudding. If a pudding form is not handy, take a tin kettle or a melon mold.

Jamaica Jelly.—Jamaica jelly is made of good, canned pineapple. First, soak one ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for a couple of hours, and if not properly dissolved, stand the basin containing it over a saucepan of boiling water; then add all the liquid from the tin of pineapple, the juice of two lemons and the thinly peeled rind of one, four ounces of loaf sugar, and half a pint of boiling water. Strain through a jelly bag, and, if necessary, clear with the whipped whites and the shells of two eggs. Have a quart mold filled with cold water, turn this out, pour in a little jelly, lay on it a few pieces of muslin. Allow this to set, then add more jelly and pineapple, till the mold is filled. Stand for six hours before turning it out on a dish.

FIRST IN PEACE.

It is to the credit of Great Britain that, of the many arbitration treaties since 1899, she has formed more with foreign countries than any other nation. Mr. Stow's Review of Reviews makes this apparent. From this it will be seen that Great Britain has, in five years, made arbitration treaties with France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Norway and Sweden, Switzerland, Germany, and Austria-Hungary—eight in all. Next come France and Switzerland, with seven each; Norway and Sweden, with five each, Austria-Hungary and Italy with four each; Belgium, Portugal, the Netherlands, and Spain, with three each; Germany and Russia, with two each; Denmark, with one; Turkey and the United States, with none. By a single act of its irresponsible Senate, the United States has at once snubbed its President and defeated seven arbitration treaties which he had tentatively formed.

SKELETONS UNEARTHED IN TRENCHES.

A curious discovery has been made in the course of some excavations that have been in progress at St. Martin de Jte, in France. The excavators unearthed trenches in which lay skeletons, which were presumably those of the citizens who fell fighting there in defending the town against the English in 1877. Among the skeletons was found a spherical iron bomb containing a moist black powder, which was found to consist of about a third of nitre, a third of carbon, and a fifth of sulphur, the remainder being iron oxide derived from the rusting of the iron shell.

ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Eglar St.
Toronto Shelter (Women), 48 Parley Ave.
Toronto Shelter (Children), 916 Yonge St.
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.
Hamilton, 13 Mountain Ave. W.
Ottawa, 343 Daly Ave.
Montreal Que., 460 St. Georges St.
Montreal Women's Shelter, 694 St. Antoine St.
St. John, N.B., 38 St. James St.
Halifax, N.S., 48 Gollingson St.
St. John's, Nfld., 28 Crook St.
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 486 Young St.
Calgary, N.W.T.
Vancouver, B.C., 1334 Pender St.
Note.—No person should be sent to any Home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Matron.

Our H

DEATH OF CH

The Long Parliam king, only to make l they went on trying to reign according to given up a great de declare that there sh be would never cou be no real church w self had appointed.

At last, after the it was plain that it Oliver Cromwell sent King Charles into the sons appointed by prisoner to the army. Cromwell was a v nobody could settle the right of the peop whether he wished great; but his heart or he would not hav did. He saw that while the king lived sent one of his office the Members of Par will, and then the f court of officers and was brought before to try him, he would them. Nevertheless, head out off. He be most meek and pette books to read, and mother and brothers to mark which he s never set up as a Charles and James, among his tears. "I

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Our History Class.

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XXXV.

DEATH OF CHARLES I.—A.D. 1649-1651.

The Long Parliament did not wish to have no king, only to make him do what they pleased; and they went on trying whether he would come back to reign according to their notions. He would have given up a great deal, but when they wanted him to declare that there should be no bishops in England he would never consent, for he thought there could be no real church without bishops, as our Lord himself had appointed.

At last, after there had been much debating, and it was plain that it would never come to an end, Oliver Cromwell sent some of his officers to take King Charles into their hands, instead of the persons appointed by Parliament. So the king was prisoner to the army instead of to Parliament.

Cromwell was a very able man, and he saw that nobody could settle the difficulties about the law and the right of the people but himself. No one can tell whether he wished to do right or to make himself great; but his heart could not have been set right or he would not have done so terrible an act as he did. He saw that things never would be settled while the king lived, nor by the Parliament; so he sent one of his officers, named Pryde, to turn out all the Members of Parliament who would not do his will, and then the fifty who were left appointed a court of officers and lawyers to try the king. Charles was brought before them; but, as they had no right to try him, he would not say a word in answer to them. Nevertheless, they sentenced him to have his head cut off. He had borne all his troubles in the most meek and patient way, forgiving all his enemies and praying for them; and he was ready to die in the same temper. His queen was in France, and all his children were safe out of England, except his daughter Elizabeth, who was twelve years old, and little Henry, who was five. They were brought to Whitehall Palace for him to see, the night before he was to die. He took the little boy on his knee, and talked a long time to Elizabeth, telling her what books to read, and giving her his messages to her mother and brothers; and then he told little Henry to mark what he said, and to mind that he must never set up as a king while his elder brothers, Charles and James, were alive. The little boy said, among his tears, "I will be torn in pieces first." His

father kissed and blessed the two children, and left them.

The next day was the 30th of January, 1649. The king was allowed to have Bishop Juxon to read and pray with him, and to give him the holy communion. After that, forgiving his enemies, and praying for them, he was led to the Banqueting House at Whitehall, and out through a window, on to a scaffold hung with black cloth. He said his last prayer, and the executioner cut off his head with one blow, and held it up to the people. He was buried at night, in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, by four faithful noblemen, but they were not allowed to use any service over his grave.

The Scots were so much shocked to find what their selling of their king had come to, that they invited his eldest son, Charles, a young man of nineteen, to come and reign over them, and offered to set him on the English throne again. Young Charles came; but they were so strict that they made his life very dull and weary, since they saw sin in every amusement. However, they kept their promise of marching into England, and some of the English cavaliers joined them; but Oliver Cromwell and his army met them at Worcester, and they were entirely beaten. Young King Charles had to go away with a few gentlemen, and he was so closely followed that he had to put him in charge of some woodmen named Penderel, who lived in Roscomb Forest. They dressed him in a rough leather suit like their own, and when the Roundhead soldiers came to search, he was hidden among the branches of an oak tree above their heads. Afterwards, a lady named Jane Lane helped him over another part of his journey, by letting him ride on horseback before her as her servant; but, when she stopped at an inn, he was very near being found out, because he did not know how to turn the spit in the kitchen when the cook asked him. However, he got safely to Brighton, which was only a little village then, and a boat took him to France, where his mother was living.

In the meantime, his young sister and brother, Elizabeth and Henry, had been sent to the Isle of Wight, to Carisbrook Castle. Elizabeth was pining away with sorrow, and before long she was found dead, with her cheek resting on her open Bible. After this, little Henry was sent to be with his mother in France.

The eldest sister, Mary, had been married, just as the war began, to the Prince of Orange, who lived in Holland, and was left a widow with one little son, James, Duke of York, the second brother, had at first been in the keeping of a Parliamentary nobleman, with his brother and sister, in London; but,

during a game of hide-and-seek, he crept out of the gardens and met some friends, who dressed him in girls' clothes and took him to a ship in the Thames, which carried him to Holland. Little Henrietta, the youngest, had been left, when only six weeks old, to the care of one of her mother's ladies. When she was nearly three, the lady did not think it safe to keep her any longer in England. So she stained her face and hands brown, with walnut juice, to look like a gipsy, took the child upon her back, and trudged to the coast. Little Henrietta could not speak plain, but she always called herself by a name she meant to be princess, and the lady was obliged to call her Piers, and pretended that she was a little boy, when the poor child grew angry at being treated so differently from usual, and did all she possibly could to make the strangers understand that she was no beggar boy. However, at last she was safe across the sea, and was with her mother at Paris, where the King of France, Queen Henrietta's nephew, was very kind to the poor exiles. The misfortune was, that the queen brought up little Henrietta a Roman Catholic, and tried to make Henry one also; but he was old enough to be firm to his father's church, and he went away to his sister in Holland. James, however, did somewhat later become a Roman Catholic; and Charles would have been one, if he had cared enough about religion to do what would have lessened his chance of getting back to England as king. But these two brothers were learning no good in Paris, and were growing careless of the right, and fond of pleasure. James and Henry, after a time, joined the French army, that they might learn the art of war. They were both very brave, but it was sad that when France and England went to war, they should be in the Army of the enemies of their country.

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First Insertion.

4678. BOWRON, WILLIE. Age 24, height 5ft. 9in., black hair, blue eyes. Last known address, Wahnapiet. Missing about seven months. Last employer, Hall & Graves.

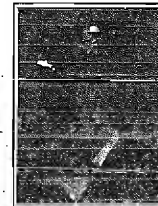
4686. STEWART, ROBERT. Height 5ft. 3in., age 37. Was in Duluth about eight years ago. Supposed to have left there for the Yukon. Brother enquires.

4686. ARMT, ANN GREIG (or Hay). Age 50, complexion dark, black eyes, black hair, height 5ft. 5in., rather stout, has very long arms, and has a lancet mark under left jaw, native of Fife.

4687. TURNER, ROBERT. Age 52, ship's cook, complexion fresh, fair hair, rather stout, native of Grimsby, England. Left on 15th of June, 1904. Spoke of going to Winnipeg.

4688. SMITH, THOMAS. Age 19, dark brown hair, fair complexion, slight turn in the right eye, missing about six years. Last known address, Canby, Que.

4689. CHANDLER, EDWARD, of Cherryfield, N.B. Very tall (over 6ft.), slightly lame, sandy complexion. Trouble about some property.



4677. DESMOND, FREDERICK. Age 17, restaurant waiter. May be acting in a theatre. Last known address, Calgary.

Second Insertion.

4690. ADCOCK, HORBERT WILLIAM. Age 21, 5ft. 7in., farmer, reddish-brown hair, blue eyes. Last known address, Minnedosa, Manitoba.

4672. SMITH, WILLIAM STEWART. About 55 years of age, 5ft. 3in., dark hair and eyes, thick set, left handed, blacksmith. Last heard from was at Silverton, Colorado, in the mines, sharpening tools.

4676. GARNER, CHARLES WILLIAM. Age 24 years, height 5ft. 6in., dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, rather fair complexion. Last known address, Michol, B.C.

4678. GUTKNECHT, ERNEST. Age 21 years. A native of Benk by Dagerlen, Ct. Zurich, Switzerland.

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Songs of the Week.

THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL.

Tune. Stella (N.B.B. 126).

- 1 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He there on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinner, He prays for you and me):
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!
They know not that by Me they live!"

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb!
Thine—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, 'e'en I, have mercy found.

COME, SINNERS.

- 2 Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath hidden all mankind.

Chorus.

You are drifting to your doom,
Yet there's mercy still for you.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel,
Yield to His love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

FREE-AND-EASY.

Tune.—N.B.B. 264.

- 3 Oh, the blessed Lord,
He has saved my soul
From the world and the devil, and He's
made me whole;
And my heart is kept
So white and clean
For to ride up in the chariot in the
morn.
Oh, this poor old heart
That was full of sin,
He has made quite new, and has en-
tered in;
And my soul, I know,
Is ready to go
For to ride up in the chariot in the
morn.

Oh, the blood, I know,
Has washed white as snow!
From the depth of my heart I can tell
you so;
And I shan't have a fear
When the trumpet I hear,
For I'll ride up in the chariot in the
morn.
Oh, it's nice to be sure
That your heart is pure,
And that He a crown will give us if we
to the end endure;
And to know that He abides
In our hearts, and ever guides,
Till we ride up in the chariot in the
morn.

A PRAYER SONG.

Tune.—Madrid (N.B.B. 117).

- 4 O Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry,
And all my needs just now supply:
New power I want, and strength, and
light,
That I may conquer in the night;
Oh, let me have, where'er I go,
Thy strength to conquer every foe!
I need Thy love my heart to fill,
To tell to all Thy blessed will,
And to the hapless souls made known
The power that dwells in Thee alone;
And then, wherever I shall go,
Thy power shall conquer every foe!

Oh, make my life one blazing fire!
Of pure and fervent heart-desire
The lost to find, the low to raise,
And give them cause Thy name to
praise,
Because wherever I may go,
I show Thy power to every foe!

Let love be first, let love be last,
Its light o'er all my life be cast;
Come now, my Saviour, from above,
And deluge all my soul with love,
So that, wherever I may go,
Thy love shall conquer every foe.

HASTEN, SINNER, TO THE CROSS.

Tune.—I Am Coming to the Cross.

- 5 On the cross of Calvary,
Jesus died for you and me
That from sin we might be free,
Hasten, sinner, to the cross!

Chorus.

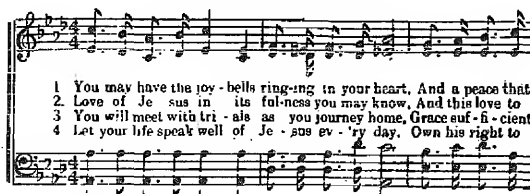
Hasten, sinner, to the cross!
Leave the world with all its dross,
Ere your soul is ever lost,
Hasten, sinner, to the cross!

Fame and folly, wealth and pride,
Earth, with all its sweets, you've tried;
Sinner, have they satisfied?
Hasten, sinner, to the cross!

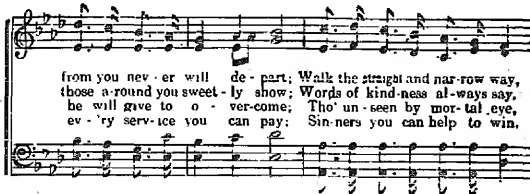
Will your life of pleasure pay?
What about the Judgment Day,
When your soul must pass away?
Hasten, sinner, to the cross!

"Joy-Bells Ringing in Your Heart."

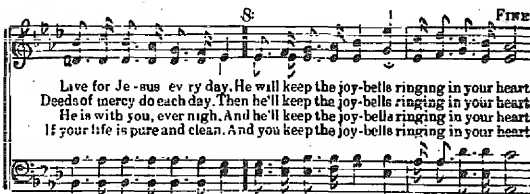
ONE OF THE CAMP FAVORITES.



- 1 You may have the joy-bells ringing in your heart, And a peace that
2 Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3 You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4 Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-ry day, Own his right to



from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and nar-row way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
be will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev-ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win.



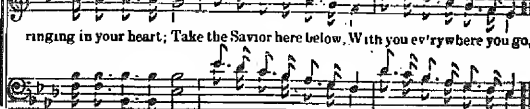
Live for Je-sus ev-ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
He is with you, ever nigh, And he'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

D. S.—He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

Chorus.



Joy bells ringing in your heart, Joy bells ringing in your heart,
You may have the joy-bells ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-rywhere you go,



Soon you'll leave the path you've trod;
Soon you'll lie beneath the sod;
Soon you'll have to meet your God;
Hasten, sinner, to the cross!

Though your sins like crimson glow,
He will wash them white as snow;
Peace and pardon you will know,
Hasten, sinner, to the cross!
Capt. M. E. Fleming.

COMING EVENTS.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SOUTHALL

Will visit Montreal L, Fri., Sat., and Sun., August 4, 5, 6.

STAFF-CAPT. McLEAN

Will conduct Revival Meetings at Dovercourt, July 27 to Aug. 7 (Inclusive); St. Catharines, Aug. 1 to 14 (Inclusive).

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Edwards—Manvera, Aug. 4, 5.

Ensign Peole—Clinton, Aug. 5, 6; Goderich, Aug. 7, 8; Wingham, Aug. 9, 10; Listowel, Aug. 11, 12, 13; Palmerston, Aug. 14, 15; Guelph, Aug. 16, 17; Hespeler, Aug. 18; Galt, Aug. 19, 20, 21; Paris, Aug. 22; Brantford, Aug. 23, 24; Tillsonburg, Aug. 25; Simcoe, 2, 3, 26, 27; Norwich, Aug. 28, 29; Woodstock, Aug. 30, 31; Ingersoll, Sept. 1, 2, 3; London, Sept. 4.

Ensign Bloes—Sudbury, Aug. 5, 6, 7, 8; Webbwood, Aug. 9; Soo, Ont., Aug. 10, 11; Soo, Mich., Aug. 12, 13, 14; Gore Bay, Aug. 16, 17, 18; Parry Sound, Aug. 23, 30, 31; Midland, Sept. 2, 3, 4; Orillia, Sept. 5; Barrie, Sept. 6; Newmarket, Sept. 7; Aurora, Sept. 8; Hamilton II, Sept. 9, 10; Hamilton I, Sept. 11; Dundas, Sept. 12; St. Catharines, Sept. 13; Niagara Falls, Sept. 14; Uxbridge, Sept. 16, 17, 18; Lindsay, Sept. 19; Kilmount, Sept. 20; Norland, Sept. 21; Haliburton, Sept. 22; Fenelon Falls, Sept. 23, 24, 25; Oranmore, Sept. 26; Bowmanville, Sept. 28; Oshawa, Sept. 29; Yorkville, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2; Riverdale, Oct. 3; Parliament, Oct. 4; Temple, Oct. 5; Lippincott, Oct. 5; Riverdale, Oct. 7, 8; Lisgar, Oct. 8; Dovercourt, Oct. 10.

Ensign Campbell—Sydney, Aug. 5, 6; Lonsburg, Aug. 7; Gloucester, Aug. 8; New Aberdeen, Aug. 9; Dominion, Aug. 10; Revere, Aug. 11; Whitney Pier, Aug. 12, 13; Inverness, Aug. 15; Port Hood, Aug. 16; New Glasgow, Aug. 17; Stellarton, Aug. 18; Westville, Aug. 19, 20; Charlottetown, Aug. 22; Summerside, Aug. 23; Moncton, Aug. 24; Londonderry, Aug. 26, 27; Parrsboro, Aug. 28; Springhill, Aug. 29; Amherst, Aug. 30; Sackville, Aug. 31; Hillsboro, Sept. 2; Sussex, Sept. 3; Campbellford, Sept. 6; Newcastle, Sept. 7; Chatham, Sept. 8.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE GREAT CONGRESS.

Many officers and others would like to obtain the stereoscopic views of the great international Congress, which have been reproduced in the War Cry during the last year or so. Arrangements have been made to supply a set of fifty of these fine photographic views for \$5, post paid to any address in Canada. Apply to the Trade Office, S. A. Citadel, Winnipeg, Man.

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SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at 21 Temple, cor. James and Albert, St., to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as to take a kindly interest in girls whose home is outside the city, ready to assist them in all possible ways.